DEC. 31,
1932

Liberty

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Calendar • 1933

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WRITERS *Attention!*

$10,000 *has been set aside for unknown authors*

Another Great First Story Offer!

This Time Liberty Wants Serials

LAST winter LIBERTY weekly made an unprecedented offer to unknown writers. It set aside $5,000 with which to purchase short stories by writers who had yet to make their first mark in the world of fictional literature. In making this offer LIBERTY was simply expressing its faith in the rising generation of writers who are working so earnestly to attain success in their chosen field. And results proved LIBERTY'S faith to be amply justified, for through that offer a collection of amazingly fine stories was secured which during the months to come will delight the great LIBERTY reader audience and bring recognition to many aspiring but, until now, unknown writers who otherwise might have remained in obscurity for years to come.

Indeed, so thoroughly satisfied is the LIBERTY Editorial Staff with the results of last winter's "first story" campaign that it has been decided to make a similar offer this winter, except that instead of seeking short stories, this time we want novel-length stories suitable for publication in LIBERTY as serials—i. e., from 20,000 to 100,000 words in length, so plotted and written as to break readily into installments of about 7,000 words each.

A BASIC fund of $10,000 has been set aside with which to purchase the serial rights to such novel-length stories by unknown writers. Nor does LIBERTY restrict itself to an expenditure of only $10,000. More will be spent if sufficient stories of the length, form, and quality we seek are submitted.

Under this offer LIBERTY is willing to pay $5,000 for a single story and not less than $1,000 will be paid for any story accepted. Stories will be read by the editors of LIBERTY for literary quality, power to hold reader interest, and suitability for publication in LIBERTY in serial form.

Let your story possess the proper qualifications and the fact that you are unknown, instead of acting as a barrier to your success, *may mean the sale of your story and put you well on the road to literary recognition.*

On the other hand, LIBERTY insists on having quality for its money. It will not buy a single story that does not come fully up to its high editorial standard. To do otherwise would be to betray the confidence of the millions who read it every week.

So, if you are ambitious and really have talent, here is your glittering chance to crash the gates of fame. At least three and probably more aspiring writers will have the unutterable thrill of seeing their first novels appear in LIBERTY—out of darkness into sunshine at a single step—from the trough to the crest of the wave in the twinkling of an eye—from obscurity to fame as by the waving of a magic wand. Can you afford to miss this opportunity?

INSTRUCTIONS

You may submit as many manuscripts as you wish.

Clearly typed manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, but manuscripts in pen and ink will be considered. Do not use thin tissue or onionskin paper. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 20,000 words, stories in a foreign language or submitted incomplete will be rejected upon receipt.

At the top of the first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

Print your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of the first page and upon the envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at the foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Address all manuscripts to LIBERTY FIRST STORY EDITOR, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Send by first-class mail or express, flat. Do not roll.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts as soon as rejected if accompanied by proper postage or expressage when submitted, but Liberty does not hold itself responsible for such returns. Inclose return postage or expressage in the same envelope as the manuscript. Keep a copy of your manuscript.

This offer expires at the close of business Thursday, March 30, 1933.

The matter of eligibility is simple. The offer is open to anyone who never has had a book of fiction published, sold a serial of 20,000 or more words to a nationally circulated periodical or to a newspaper that syndicates its material. Nothing else will count against you. The fact that you may have sold stories, of whatever length, to your high-school or college papers or magazines, to a local newspaper, or even if you have sold an occasional serious article to a more pretentious publication does not disqualify you. But the editors of LIBERTY reserve the right to decide your status upon information you agree to furnish upon request.

IF you have manuscripts on hand of stories you feel are worthy of appearing in LIBERTY and which fall within the specifications set forth above, send them in at once. If you have the plot of such a story in your mind, write the story in full and send it in. There is no limit to the number of stories you may submit—no limit to the degree of success and fame you may gain through this opportunity.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of LIBERTY, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

This offer is now open and will continue to be open until the close of business on Thursday, March 30, 1933. In submitting manuscripts be sure to follow the detailed instructions appearing elsewhere on this page.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY

Liberty
America's Best Read Weekly

DECEMBER 31, 1932 VOL. 9, NO. 53

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

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The names of the 254 winners—including that of the $500 First Prize Winner—in the Movie Mystery Contest will appear in next week's issue.

OF UNSUNG HEROES

One of the oldest human traditions is hero worship.

Mankind has always sung the praises of the fearless ones who faced death in unusual form. Whether they were victors or were vanquished matters little. With what high courage they faced the foe matters much.

But is it the act of heroism alone which strikes a responsive thrill in human hearts? Is it not the grandeur of heroism which impresses more?

The Canadian people well remember the sinking of a great ocean liner, with appalling loss of life. Scores of grimy stokers had valiantly kept the fires alight until the very end. We felt an overwhelming pity at their horrible doom deep in the bowels of the ship. It was heroism of the highest order—but a heroism stripped of glamour. Just a tragic picture we would soon forget.

Yet a spiritual exaltation still lifts us as we recall the grandeur of the captain's valour. He was omnipotent, standing on the bridge of his doomed command. His heroism, associated with the grandest traditions of the sea, belonged to immortality. It was a picture to be long remembered.

It is a great thing to face death suddenly—to quickly vanquish or be vanquished. It is a far greater thing to face death constantly—to fight a grim, unending battle with odds always in death's favour.

In Canada today there are thousands of men who daily live with death. The dark shadow is ever behind them. Yet it cannot obscure their outlook on life. Many of them daily face the same domestic and business responsibilities as their more fortunate fellow men. And they face them just as cheerfully, without complaint.

Who are these unsung heroes?

Some are in hospitals. Some are permanent invalids at home. Still others (and by far the greatest number) are engaged in everyday tasks of life.

Their bodies bear one thing in common—scars of a conflict fourteen years ago. Their hearts and minds bear something else in common—an invincibly courageous outlook on life.

These men are our neighbours. We rub shoulders with them every day. Yet it never occurs to us that these casual friends are heroes in our midst. We are unconscious of the fact (and they too) that their daily attitude toward life in itself is heroism of the highest order. We are oblivious of their constant valour in the performance of each day's humble tasks.

In Toronto is a business man whose body is a well of constant pain. Each motion of his limbs is refined torture. Eight years ago doctors predicted he could not live a month. Yet in that shambles of a once athletic body burns an imperishable spirit. It is this flaming spark of courage alone that still urges the blood through his veins. He is not only living. He is living triumphantly. He works harder than nine men out of ten. Yet his hours of leisure are mostly given over to humanity's service, without hope of reward.

This man is admired for his brilliant intellect. His constant cheerful outlook on life is at once an inspiration and a rebuke to many who have permitted pessimism to colour their attitudes on the problems of today. Yet few, if any, of all his acquaintances think of him as a truly great Canadian hero not simply because of what he has done but because of what he is doing.

In Montreal there is a salesman with lungs slowly crumbling away under the effects of poison gas. With death's gaunt figure at his elbow he regards life as a great and glorious adventure.

In Winnipeg, in Vancouver, in every city and hamlet we find their counterparts—these unsung heroes.

These men are fashioned of a finer clay than we. In the midst of life they have entered the ranks of the immortals. They possess the dauntless spirit of conquerors. They have met and mastered death.

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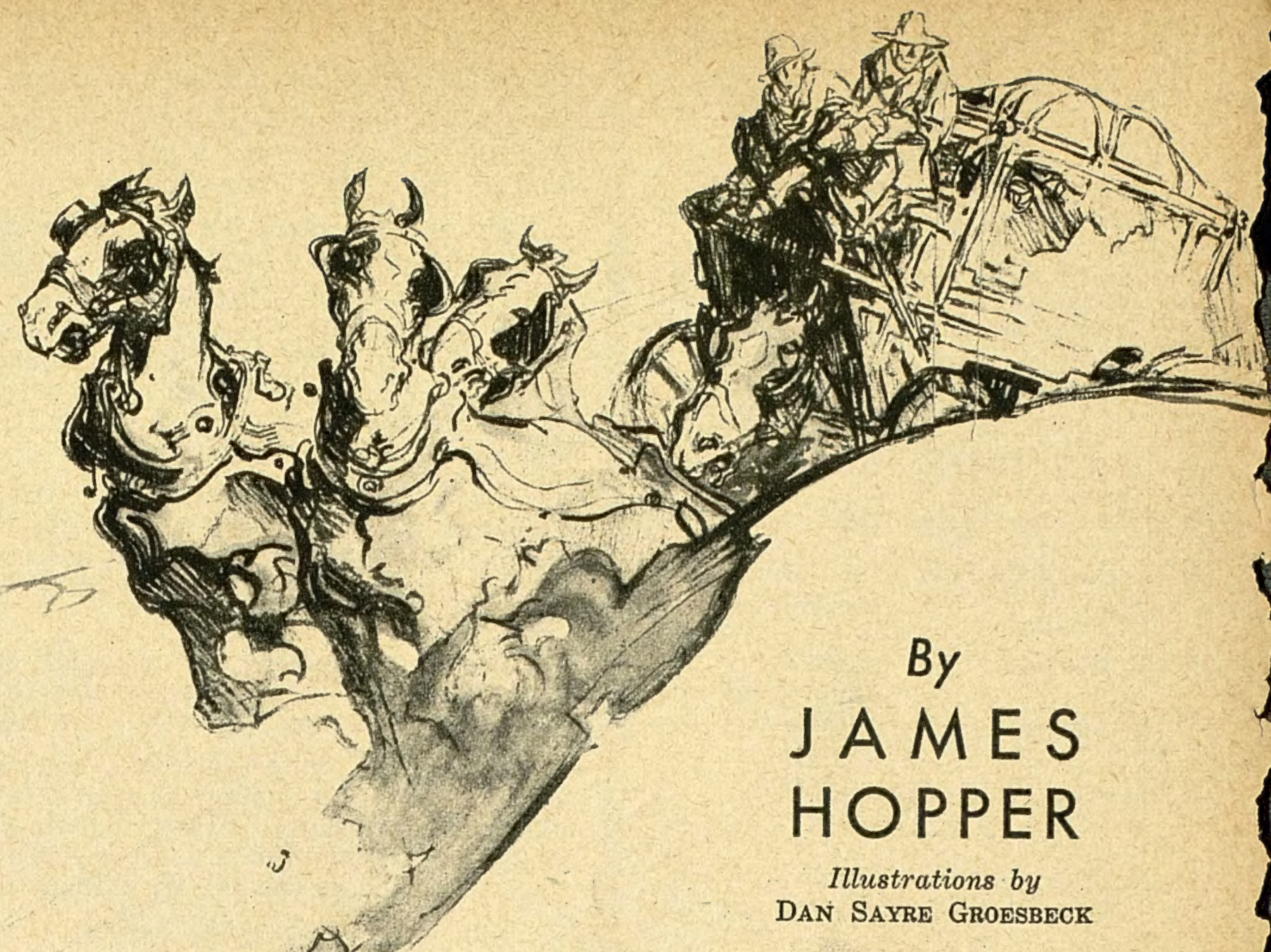
The Story of a School-teacher's Hunch and a Bandit's Redemption



The Santa Claus *of* Fou

By
JAMES HOPPER

Illustrations by
DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

(Reading time: 22 minutes 30 seconds.)

HAP O'LEARY rose in his stirrups and threw his empty right hand aloft (the left hand was not empty). "Now get a-going!" he cried in a clear tenor but little muffled by the cloth tied across his face just below the eyes.

The driver gathered up his reins; the four horses leaned against the harness; the stage, swaying in the cañonlike ruts like a ship in a rough sea, started up the rise. "Happy" watched the rather deflated passengers a-sway on the high roof. "And Merry Christmas to you all!" he shouted, remembering the season.

At first there was no answer. Then, "Merry Christmas!" piped the lady with the veil; and almost right away basses, tenors, barytones followed: "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

Hap chuckled, felt for his loot tied in a little sack behind his cantle, lifted Pinto, in a clatter, out of the road, up the bank, and on to the flat, and started across country. "It'll take them two hours to get to Stovepipe and old Nesbit," he chuckled. "Lord, he'll be mad having to get out Christmas Eve! Two hours' start on old Nesbit and his posse. I'm going to have some fun!"

He came to the three horses he had left tethered, unsaddled Pinto, and mounted one of them.

All afternoon he loped west across the flat and wide sheets of light, dry powdery snow between the shriveled sage bushes, recklessly leaving his straight trail behind him. He would ride one horse till it began to droop, would then send it off with a resounding slap to rustle for itself while he mounted another and started off again with a whoop. He was having a good time.

At two o'clock his satisfaction perceptibly increased. Sheriff Nesbit, he figured, would now be setting out of Stovepipe with his posse. He could see the picture clearly —the riders coming down the main street boot to boot, rifles perpendicular and bristling, and Nesbit mad as the lower regions at this new outrage. Now he was being pursued. That was much better than just riding.

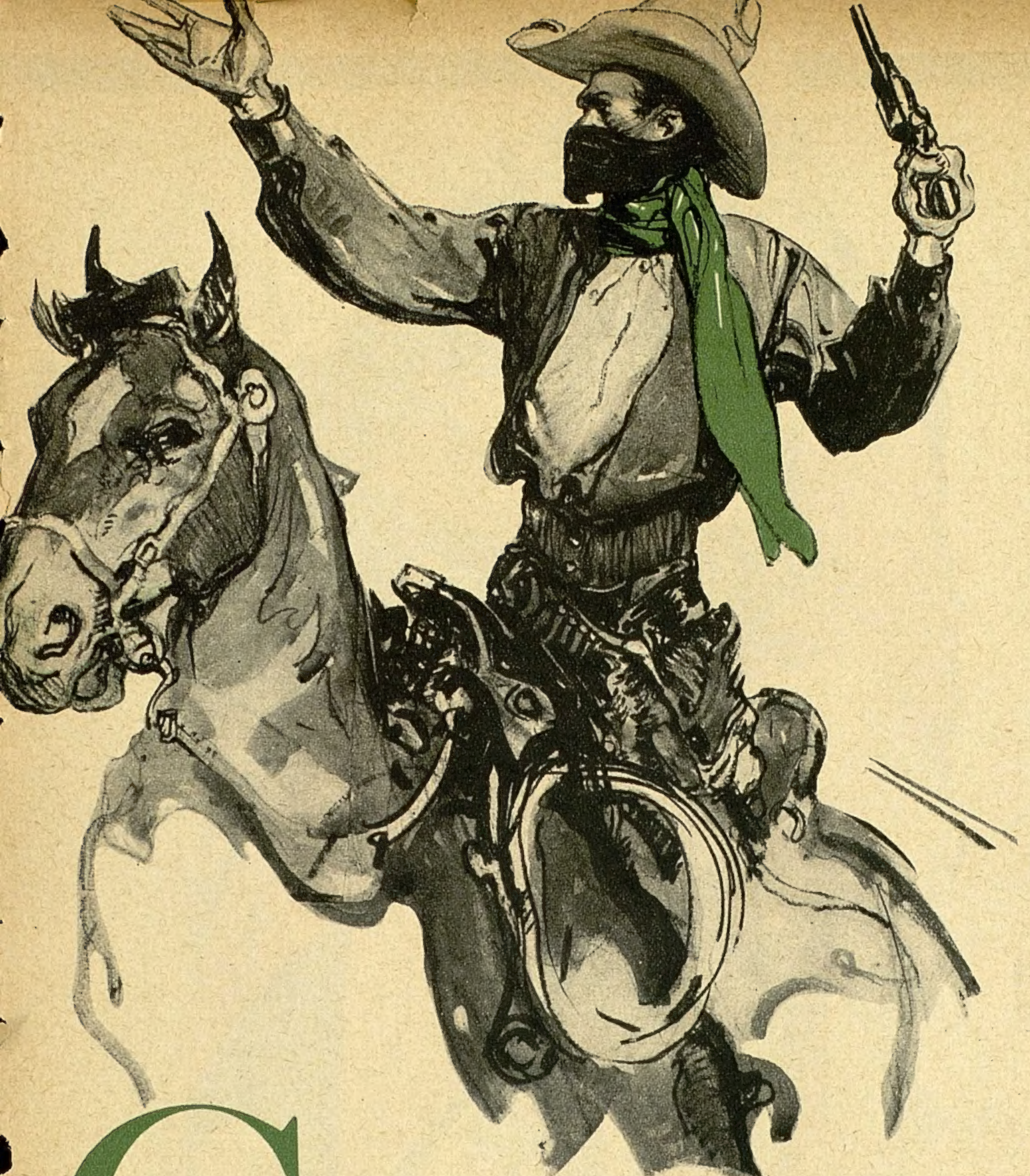
"Whoo-oop-ee-ee!" he declared loudly to the horse he was on; to Pinto following wisely, saving himself, well behind; to the whole white plain stretching about—and raised his sombrero and waved it above his red hair.

As the sun, invisible till now, set like a vague fried egg behind thin clouds, he had rid himself of the last of his extra mounts and was once more on Pinto. "Pint," he confided into a long ear that laid itself back to receive the communication, "getting back on you after those other mustangs is plumb like hitting the bunk after a hard day."

And found himself describing a parabola that seemed immense through the air. He ducked his head just in time, turned several somersaults, and rolled up to his feet. This amused him. "This here neck," he reflected aloud, feeling it—all the same it was a little sore—"ain't just not fated to get broke. That posse's ambition is plumb extravagant."

But something about the way old Pinto lay sent him hastening to the horse. Pinto, stepping—after years of wariness—into a squirrel hole, had broken his in the fall.

"Gawd! Poor old Pint!" said Hap, half in profane protest, half in sincere and religious compassion.



"Now get a-going!" he cried. The driver gathered up his reins; the four horses leaned against the harness; the stage, swaying, started up the rise.

Corners

He looked about him. On the white plain not a living dot showed. He stooped; he straightened out the long, pathetic neck. He raised a forelock still a bit foamy with late obedient toil, took another quick look about him, and for a fraction of a second pressed his lips on a bony spot just below the wisp of stiff hair and between the glazing eyes.

This done, he rolled a cigarette and squatted on his heels. He had thinking to do. It was not long before he came to his first conclusion. "Got to get me a cayuse, Pint," he said. "Got to walk for one, too."

THERE was the Triangle K, due east. But that was twenty miles away. It would take him six hours on painful dogs to get there, and he had at most three hours' start—diminishing fast even now—on Nesbit and his posse. There was the Bar L, due north, twelve miles away. "We'd get there together," he grinned.

For a moment he considered the little schoolhouse at Four Corners. That was in the direction of Bar L, but only six miles away. The teacher—that new girl teacher he had heard of—maybe she came to school on a pony. But it wouldn't be pal-like to steal a nice girl schoolteacher's pony. Some of the settlers' kids, they came no doubt on horseback—but these would be nags.

A gradual darkening about him, as if a hand had been slowly turning a lamp down, recalled him to himself and to the idiocy of his present meditation. "They don't have school at night!" he suddenly remembered. "And they don't have school Christmas week," he further remembered. No, it had to be Bar L.

He was near the crossway called Quatro Vientos. He took his sack of loot, walked over to a lone dead piñon tree near the crossing, found a convenient squirrel hole near its roots, and dumped the sack into it. He backed his way to the horse, erasing after him the tracks he had made going and the tracks he was making returning. He loosened Pinto's cinch and then started on foot across the plain.

He plodded on cheerfully, though it was hard going; in his whole adult life he had not walked five hundred yards.

Two hours later his spirits were beginning to droop to the disgusting toil and the thought of an hour more of it, when, topping a little undulation in the plain, he came face to face with the rising moon on the horizon rim. But, he thought a moment later, how could the moon be rising in the north? It was on the polar star he had been steadily keeping his nose.

It wasn't the moon! It was the little schoolhouse at Four Corners. The little schoolhouse was all lit up; the little schoolhouse was warmly shining like a pumpkin at Halloween. They were having a party there. Of course! A Christmas Eve party. There'd be lots of children there, and their grown-ups. There'd be plenty of horses at the little schoolhouse's hitching rack.

Within fifteen minutes he was prowling in the dark about that hitching rack. Among wagons, buggies, carts, and surreys a good dozen very capable saddle ponies stood patiently, heads down. Happy stopped, thoughtful, as a match scratched, then almost instantly blown out, showed him on the shoulder of a big roan the brand of Bar L.

After a moment he led the animal out, threw the long reins back over the saddle pommel, and sent him on with a slap. The horse trotted a few yards, then stopped, uncertain. Happy caught up and again slapped him on. This time the horse, at a deliberate trot carefully measured to distance ahead, started for home and the Bar L ranch. Happy watched the straight black line drawn through the snow by the hoofs going north. "Now I'll get me my own little cayuse and go—another direction," he said.

So he returned to the hitching rack for a sturdy buckskin apparently constructed to run a hundred miles. The cinch was loose about the rotund barrel. Hap tightened it, his knee against the pony, which staggered a bit and grunted. "We're off," he confided.

But he did not mount. It was cold and dark out here; ahead lay a journey cold and dark. The little schoolhouse glowing so near was tugging at something vaguely desolate within him. And now the small building began to vibrate like a big viol; childish voices in there had broken into choral song: "Ho-o-ly night! Ho-o-ly night!"

He left the horse, strode across, slid along a wall, flattened his face against a window, and looked in.

At the head of the room—there was only one room—stood a Christmas tree with at least a million candles and a fairy mantle of frost powder and shining filaments, with a little red-and-white Santa Claus perched at the tip. Around the tree little children sat, the boys with stiff ties and slicked hair and shining faces, the girls with ribbons and curls, in crinkly pinafores. A dark mass of parents stood behind. All of the children's mouths were open, all their eyes were turned toward the schoolteacher. And she was hardly more than a child herself, beating the measure there, all those wide eyes worshipful upon her. How nicely she beat the measure! Singing the while herself like a little angel, her long lashes now and then touching her red, red cheeks.

HAP stood there, with nose flattened against a very cold pane, a long time for one with a posse after him, and then, when he had pulled himself away, started around the little building. Which brought him to another window. His strange indecision took him in thrall again. He halted; he stepped to the window; he reflattened his face against a pane.

He was looking into a narrow room lit by one poor candle. Hanging thick on hooks all around were little coats and hats. Happy understood; this was the cloakroom. He was drawing away when he saw that a man stood there, close, his back to the window. The man moved from the window, and Happy saw that he was the Rev. Paul George Whitaker, the young, stiff, dry little minister of the church at Alomas.

The Rev. Paul, all alone in this room with the guttering candle, was holding up before him a queer cloak that seemed to have been woven—all but the red lining—out of snow, sugar, soap flakes, and mica. He slipped the coat on. He snuggled down over his head a round tasseled cap of the same material. And now, stepping over to the little table that held the guttering candle, he was pasting great fluffs of white wool all over his face. The children's singing came faintly to Happy.

He tried the window gently; it opened half an inch. He took his single-action out of its holster; then, still softly, raised the window the whole way and climbed inside.

He did not succeed in doing this in absolute silence. The Rev. Paul Whitaker turned.

"Sh-sh-sh," said Happy earnestly, stepping within. "Sorry, doctor," he said, "but I want that coat of yours, and I want that hat of yours, and them whiskers of yours, and the boots. Also, I guess I have to tie you up, and also maybe gag you."

The Rev. Paul, eyes spread, was not saying anything as, with these words, he was being divested of the costume only so lately donned. The terrible man with the gun now scooped a rope out of the locker and rapidly wound it about the Rev. Paul Whitaker, softened a corner of the room with little coats from the hooks, capsized the young minister as if he had been a bottle, and stretched him on this improvised lair.

The intruder now paused. "I sort of hate to do this," he drawled, with real reluctance. "Them rags—they're not too clean."

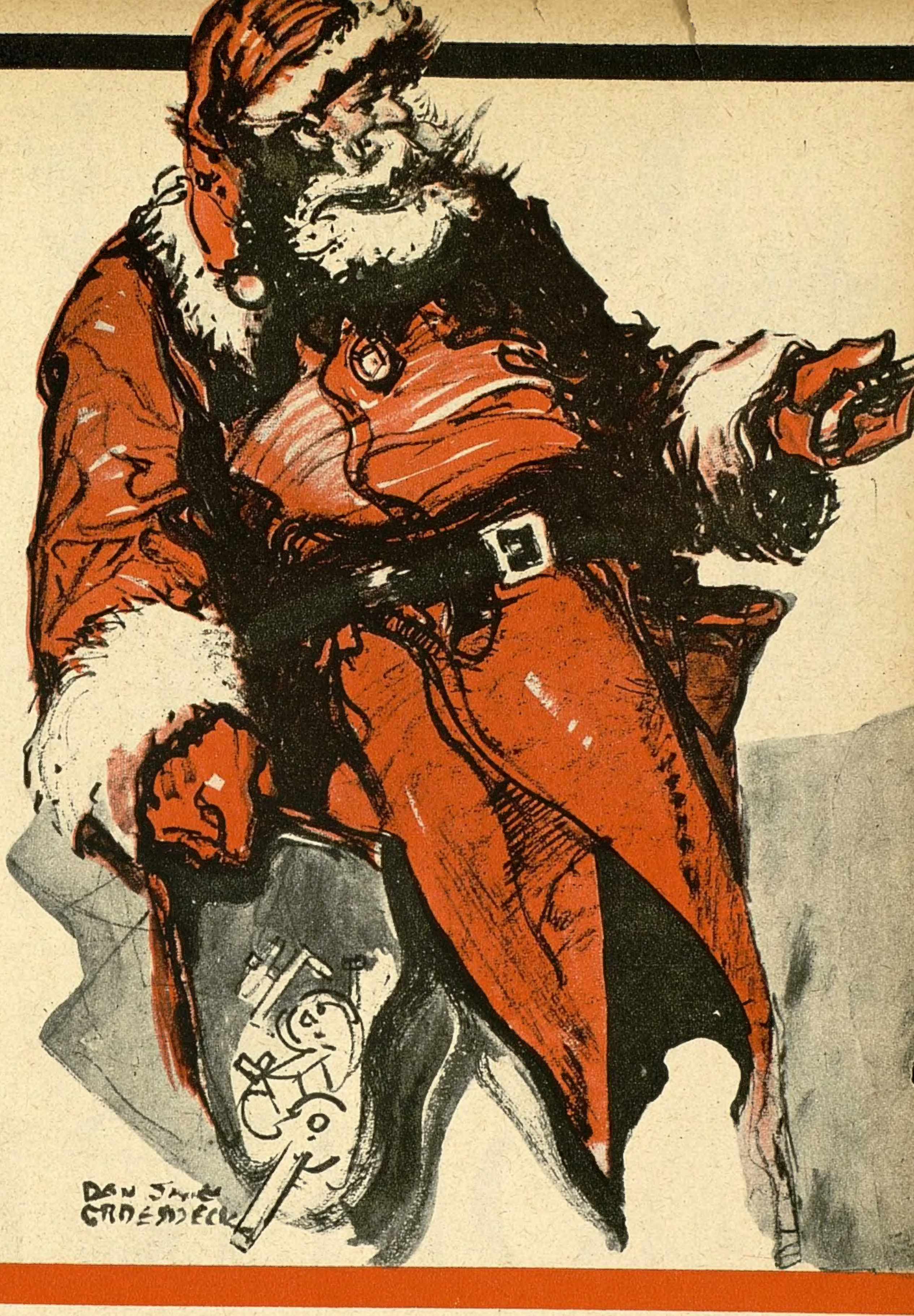
The Rev. Paul Whitaker cast one glance at the cloths that the man had scooped out of the locker with the rope. "Don't gag me," he said hastily. "I'll make no outcry."

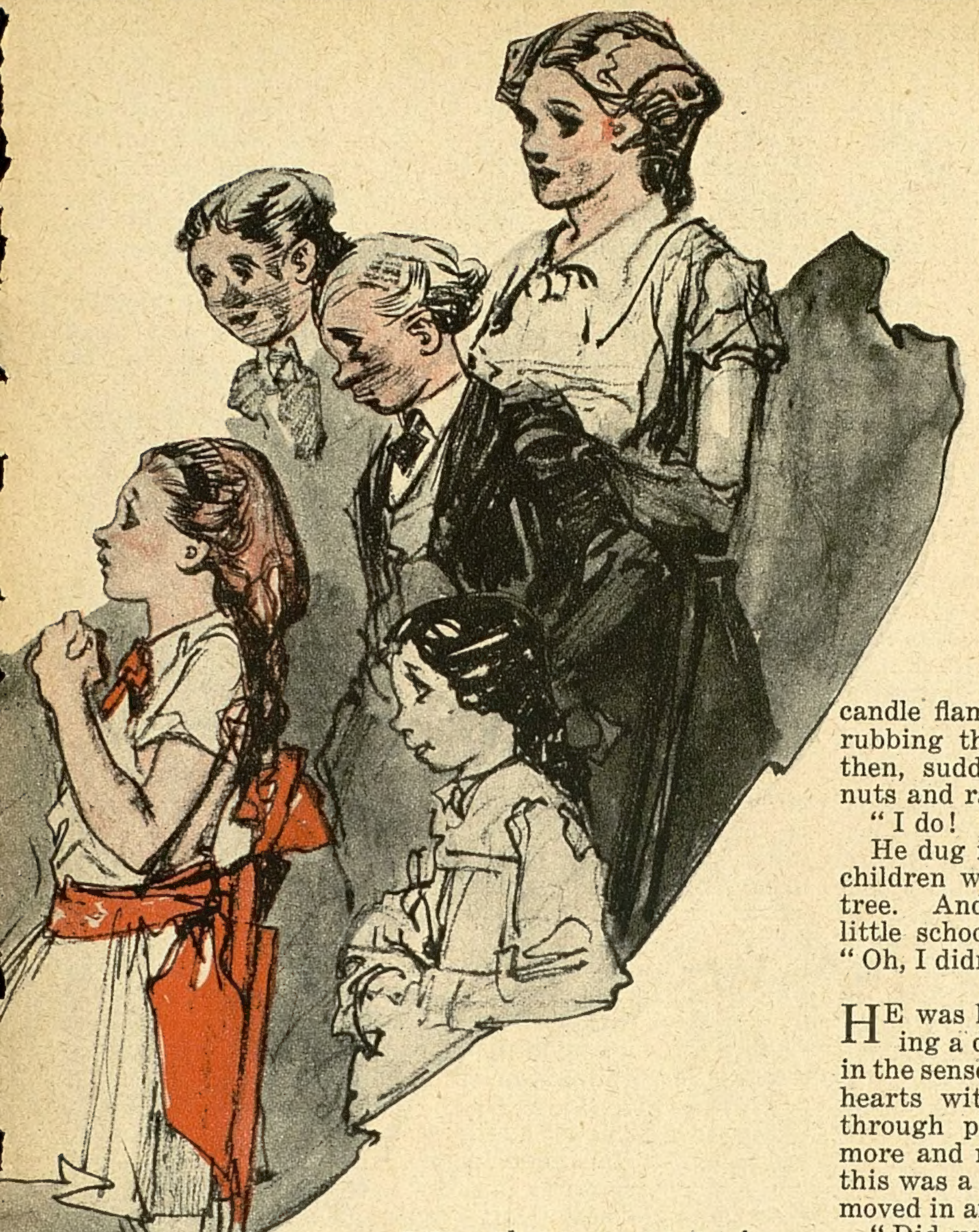
"And you won't yell?"

The Rev. Paul Whitaker shut his eyes. "I won't yell," he said quickly.

"Because," said Happy—and fearfully twirled his heavy single-action around his finger in a triple somersault—"I'm a wolf! I can puncture an ace of spades right through a door!"

Upon which he slipped off his boots and put on the





"Give that to your papa from Santa Claus." And placed in her hand a little pistol that shot a cork tied to a string.

white ones with red trimmings, draped the white cloak about himself, pressed the round hat firmly down to his ears, and, stepping to the table, prodigally planted his clean-shaven face with a jungle of loose white wool.

He picked up the full sack waiting there, opened the door, and stepped into the school's festive main room. As he passed, he palmed the key from inside the door. And the Rev. Paul, watching the door close, also heard the turning of a key and knew he was locked in.

To step in thus into that bright room, thus costumed, a sackful of joy on his back—that is what the Rev. Paul had seen himself do for a week. That room full of light and music and children—and the little school-teacher! Tears of vexation came to his eyes. But he had given his word. He compressed his lips and was silent.

The little school-teacher with the braids, the long lashes, and the red cheeks had been watching the cloakroom door for some time in trepidation and misgiving. It was not she who had chosen the Santa Claus of the night; she had opposed the choice as much as discreetly she could. And now she feared. Oh, she hoped the children would not be disappointed!

The door opened: Santa Claus appeared. And the first thing he did was to lock the door behind him. Her heart sank. "Oh," she thought, "that's just like him! The stiff, careful little man! Afraid that someone will go in there and steal his clothes, I suppose!" And she continued to watch in fear.

But now her heart began to dilate. The mummer was approaching the Christmas tree in a good imitation of a heavy, weary step, his back eloquently bent with the weight of the sack filled with secret joys. Through the children a murmur passed, of wonder and delight. He dropped the sack; he began to chafe his hands, to beat his arms.

"Oh, but I am cold!" he growled in his whiskers. "Oh, oh, oh, but the sky is cold tonight! Flying over Bald Mountain," he remarked within his white beard, "two of my reindeer stumbled and almost spilled the sleigh. I had a hell of a time!"

He held his mittened hands over a candle that swung at the tip end of one of the fragrant boughs. He seemed pleased with the result, for with a "My poor nose is froze" it was that prominence he now placed above the candle flame. "There, there," he mumbled to himself, rubbing the nose, "that's better, that's better." And then, suddenly, directly at the children, "Who wants nuts and raisins and rock candy and sugarplums?"

"I do! I do! I do!" thirty little voices shrilled.

He dug into his sack and handed out little bags. The children were about him like cub bears about a honey tree. And "Why—why—he's doing very well!" the little school-teacher was thinking in grateful surprise. "Oh, I didn't *hope* he could be that way!"

HE was handing out toys now. He was deftly balancing a dignity and an aloofness that held the children in the sense of mystery and awe, yet searching their small hearts with jests that set delighted giggles rippling through pigtails and curls. The little school-teacher more and more happily was thanking God. But maybe this was a delusion, maybe she was imagining this. She moved in among the grown-ups.

"Did you ever see the like of it?" Mrs. Martin was saying. "Why, he's even managed to make his voice over!" "Who could think he could change his accent that way?" Mrs. Xenophon Black was saying. "Why, he's talking like real human folks!" "Who would have thought he could be so jolly and big?" Mrs. Heron was saying. "Look at those children; they're plumb mad about him!"

"That shows how one shouldn't judge people," thought the little school-teacher soberly, while another part of her simply sang. "How wrong I was! I thought him a dried-up little snippety. It was I who was the prig. He has imagination! He has humor! He has sense of wonder! And he loves children—why, he should marry and have twenty of his own." (Upon which, for some reason or other, she found herself blushing.) "Why, he has a heart as big as the rising moon!" she thought.

How wrong she had been! She recalled an answer she had lately given the young churchman to a question he had hinted. It was an answer any young woman has the right to make to any man. But she need not have made it so curt—and sharp. *She* was the prig, she decided a second time. And one should never judge people, she decided a second time.

If now, looking so thick and generous in that furry disguise—now that he had revealed that which she had never guessed in him—he were to hazard the same question, what would the answer be? She was not so sure. Oh, he was so big and sweet—the children were having such a good time—he was doing so perfectly what so devoutly she had hoped!

And as she watched him those emotions were swelling, swelling. A tender delight was invading her heart. Oh, she would like to hug him—yes, she would!

He had, at the moment, small Alice Nesbit away up in the air at the end of his long arms. Pigtails perpendicular, her eyes in his, she was giggling bravely.

"And what is *your* name, butterfly?" he was asking.

"Alice Nesbit!" she cried.

"Alice Nesbit, eh? Give me a kiss."

Bravely she planted a peck on the tip of the nose which emerged—and just emerged—out of the extraordinary efflorescence of white beard. "And you're no relative, by chance, of Archie Nesbit, that big fat sheriff of the county, are you?"

"He's my pappy, he's my pappy!" the little girl cried.

"Your papa, eh?" said Santa Claus. He put her down; he took from the tree the very doll toward which all evening she had yearned, and laid it in the cradled small arms. But, "Wait a minute," he said. "That isn't all. I've brought something for your papa, too."

He sought among the toys spread at the foot of the tree, snapping his finger against his ear the while to jog his memory. Finally he remembered. "Oh, here it is. Give that to your papa from Santa Claus." And placed in her hand a little pistol that shot a cork tied to a string.

BUT it is difficult to speak of the devil without having the devil appear. There was a great knocking at the schoolhouse door. The little school-teacher ran and opened. In the frame of the door stood the form of the sheriff of the county. "Oh!" said the little school-teacher.

And then, "Come in, come in, Mr. Nesbit! Come in and join our nice party!"

She noticed that just behind him two dark figures stood in attitudes that lounged and yet held menace; that still farther out into the night, on the white snow, a dozen horsemen huddled, rifles up like spears toward the sky; while still farther two were loping about in investigating circles, almost out of their saddles, eyes close to the ground. "Oh!" she said again, and this time both her hands went to her throat.

"Yes," the sheriff nodded. "We're out on a little business," he warned with low voice. "It's that Hap O'Leary again. And this time I'm mad!"

"Oh, please don't spoil the party!" said the little school-teacher.

"I'll just have a little look around," said the sheriff—and stepped within and closed the door behind him. "Hello, folks!" he boomed largely. "Hello, kiddies! All having a good time? *That's* the way! Enjoy your Christmas, everybody!"

"He's going to be all right," said the little school-teacher to herself. But she noted how his eyes were passing over the gathering, marking each one in turn.

"Hello, Merton! Hello, Mrs. Merton!" he was saying, waving his hand. "Hello, Mrs. Cartwright, and the Misses—"

Little Alice came running to throw herself between his legs. "Hello, Alice! Having a good time?" And then, to the Sondersons, with whom she was staying three days and who had brought her to the party, "Hello, Mrs. Sonderson! Is Alice behaving all right?"

But the little girl, with shining eyes, speechlessly was holding up to him her new doll for admiration and adoration. "Yes, Alice, that is a nice doll; that certainly is." But now, her eyes shining more than ever, she was holding up to him a little pistol with a cork in the muzzle. "So you've got a pistol too."

"It's yours! It's yours!" the little girl cried. "Santa Claus brought it for you!"

The sheriff held the little gun in his hand a bit distrustfully, as if it were an insect. "Put it on! Put it on!" small Alice was piping. His eyes went to the Santa Claus, who was standing quietly before the tree now, twirling his thumbs in a manner easily to be recognized as ecclesiastic. The sheriff remembered the little school-teacher's prayer about the party. "Thanks for the gun, Mr. Santa Claus!" he shouted, and, in the spirit of the occasion, stuck the weapon in his belt with a piratical swagger.

He might have investigated a little farther if at that moment the schoolhouse door had not begun to resound again to loud knocks—knocks that seemed to be made with another instrument than knuckles. He opened the door, and the little school-teacher saw that the horsemen huddled on the flat were in a swirl. From the scouts farther out came a shout: "We got his trail, sheriff! He got himself a hoss. He's off for Bar L!"

The sheriff turned toward the warm golden room he was leaving. "So long, everybody! Enjoy yourselves."

But an afterthought, just as he was about to mount the horse his two rather somber companions were holding for him at the edge of the school's high piazza, brought him back to the teacher. "That door inside the school," he said low, throwing the point of his chin toward the cloakroom, "what is it?"

"It's the cloakroom door," she said. "The kiddies' coats are there." And then—she never knew afterward why she had said it—"I've locked it. I've got the key right here in my apron pocket!"

The sheriff cast a glance toward the little yawning pocket of the little apron, but did not search it. "All right. Good night," he said.

But once more, about to mount, he turned back and came to her as she stood in the open entrance door. "The Santa Claus," he said. "Who is he?"

"Rev. Paul Whitaker," she whispered.

"Yes?" said the sheriff, surprised. And then, "I shouldn't think he'd be very good—"

"Oh, but he's been just wonderful!" the little school-teacher came near saying. But instead—and she never knew afterward, either, just what had made her act that way—she said nothing at all.

This time the sheriff made his horse. She saw him mount and join the huddle of armed horsemen milling restlessly a hundred feet away; she saw them all, lowering heads, canter away toward the two lone scouts waiting still more impatiently in the distance; she saw the whole party, reunited, vanish like a cloud in the night. Above the sky was bright. They were riding toward the polar star, a little brilliant pin point in the north. For a moment longer she stood watching. She was trembling a little—she did not know just why. Then, closing the door upon the cold and the night, she turned toward the shining Christmas tree—

To find that Santa Claus had vanished! No Santa Claus stood beside the tree; there was no Santa Claus in the room. "He's gone," said little Alice Nesbit, watching her. "He went out through the cloakroom door. He's gone till next year, I guess, isn't he?" she asked with wide eyes.

A STRANGE thing was happening to the little school-teacher. She was feeling as a small child does when Christmas is gone. The "He's gone till next year" of small Alice was like a tolling in her heart. Yet of course, she reminded herself, he was not gone. He was in the cloakroom. In a minute he would be coming back into the main room. Why was this such poor consolation?

She stood with her eyes on the door, and finally it opened and the Rev. Paul Whitaker stalked out, and with him—oh, no joy. Because the Rev. Paul Whitaker who was stalking out was just the same Rev. Paul Whitaker who an hour ago had stalked in. He was, as a matter of fact, a very miffed-looking Rev. Paul—a stiffly furious Rev. Paul. The ladies were all rushing to him with their praises: "Oh, Dr. Whitaker, you were wonderful!" And "Oh, Dr. Whitaker, we just love you for it!"

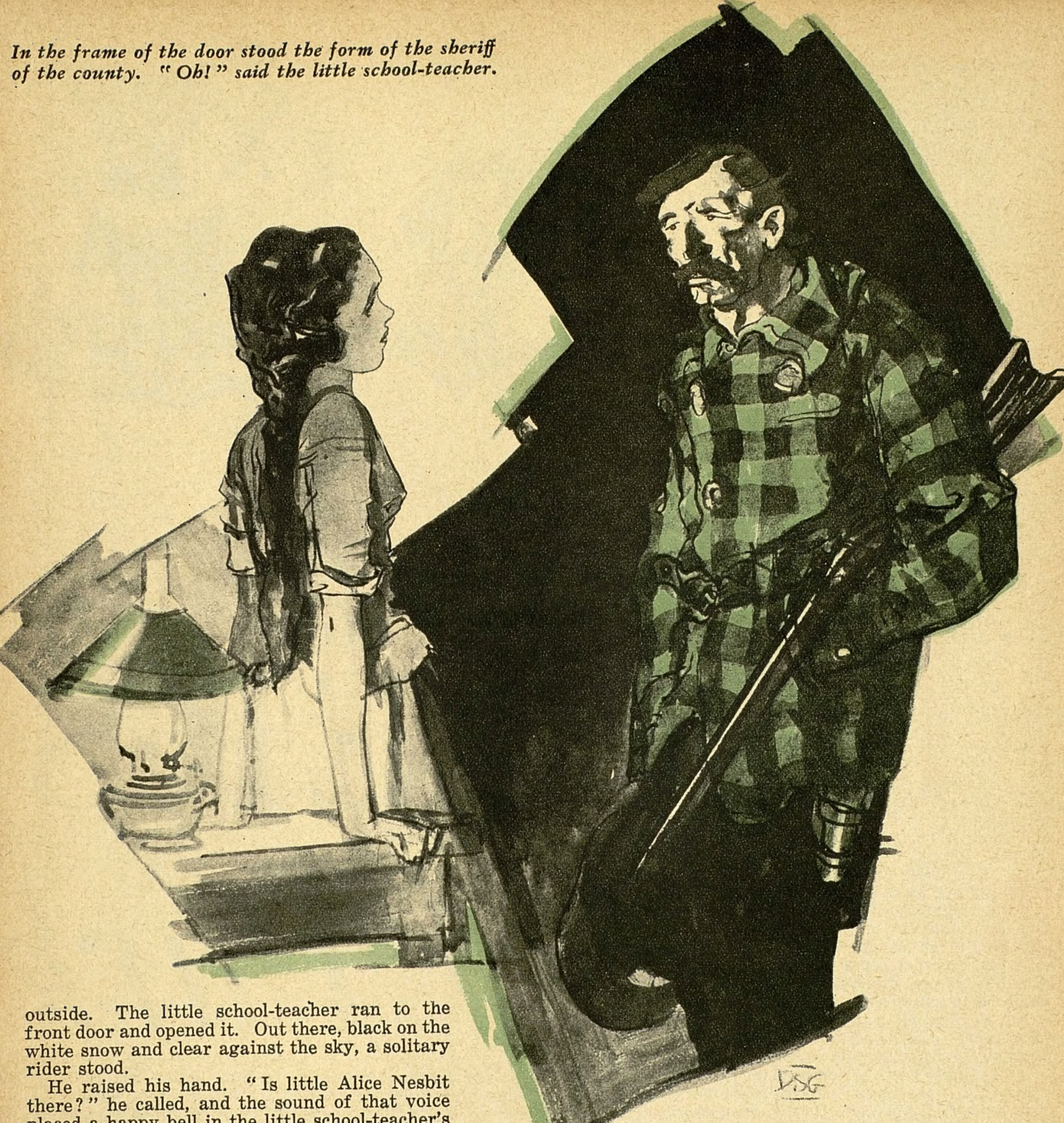
He placed his back to the wall and eyed them coldly. "But I assure you, Mrs. Smith, that you are entirely wrong," he said crisply. "I have not been in this room at all. The man whom you so admire, and who stole my part, is a low ruffian who surprised me in the cloakroom, and who overpowered me through cowardly advantage of arms, and left me lying there trussed up like any common character. I've had indeed no chance to earn the praises you now imagine you are showering upon me—"

"But then—but then," thought the little school-teacher, whose heart had begun to flutter crazily, "who—who—"

"The person to whom I allude," said the Rev. Whitaker, "has just left the cloakroom. Characteristically enough, through the window. He cannot be far off. He should be pursued."

Just then everybody heard a clear halloo, as of a herald,

In the frame of the door stood the form of the sheriff of the county. "Oh!" said the little school-teacher.



outside. The little school-teacher ran to the front door and opened it. Out there, black on the white snow and clear against the sky, a solitary rider stood.

He raised his hand. "Is little Alice Nesbit there?" he called, and the sound of that voice placed a happy bell in the little school-teacher's breast.

Little Alice Nesbit was there. "Here I am! Here I am!" she piped. While behind the teacher a guarded male voice was saying, "Doesn't that look like your buckskin, Cyrus?"

The horseman put his hands to his mouth like a trumpet. "I want you to tell something to your papa, Alice. Tell him if he wants to call off that jamboree about the stage, it's all right with Hap O'Leary, and the loot is in a squirrel hole near the blasted piñon at Quatro Vientos!"

There was a minute's silence; then—"I can't remember all that! I can't remember all that!" small Alice shrilled.

And the horseman came loping across easily to the very edge of the schoolhouse porch.

"All right," he said. "I'll tell it to your teacher."

He leaned down from the saddle; his breath was gentle against the little teacher's ear.

"Tell the sheriff," he whispered, "that, if he wants to call the game off, Hap O'Leary engages himself to go straight. Tell him Hap O'Leary knows what he wants now. Tell him Hap wants a little daughter just like little Alice Nesbit—"

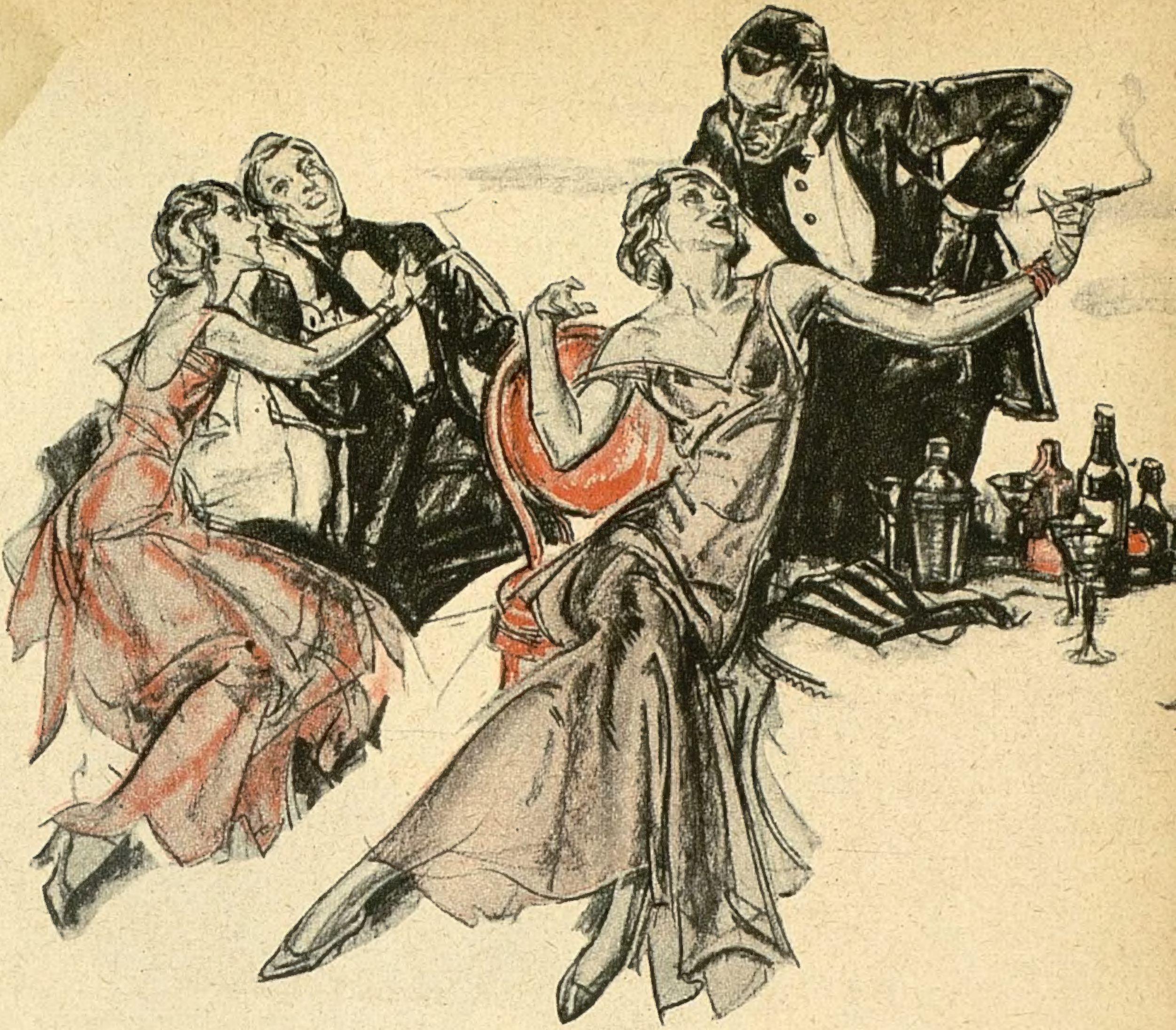
He straightened up in the saddle to draw in a big breath, and the little school-teacher suddenly felt lonely. He leaned over again, and she wasn't lonely any more.

"And tell the sheriff," said the rider, having taken his big breath, "that Hap O'Leary wants to get himself a small wife like as two peas to that sweet little school-teacher at Four Corners!"

The buckskin already was away in a great bound. Stones rattled beneath spurning hoofs; a softer swift rat-tat-tat followed in the snow. In an instant the rider was far, streaking across the plain under the stars. He was not headed for the polar star, though. He was riding south.

THE END

The other apartment on our floor is now occupied by a gorgeous talkie star, very noisy. I rather hope to be bid to one of the parties she throws.



Illustrated by
BARRY SLADE

The PAUPERS of Park

(Reading time: 10 minutes 40 seconds.)

WE are stony. Flat. Broke. But we are still living on Park Avenue. It is literally impossible for us to move away. Without bank references we would have to pay two months' advance rental on any new place. Added to which is the cost of even the smallest moving van. We could not possibly scrape all that together.

So we linger, gratefully accepting our landlord's hospitality on a basis of half rent paid monthly and the half owing to be paid in some dim future.

As a family there is not much of us. Two parents and a daughter—the father bankrupt, the mother bewildered, and myself, the daughter, still uncatalogued. Yet our landlord is willing to gamble with or on us. But that is only because we were financially sound—once.

We belong to the first of two species who were inhabiting Park Avenue in November, 1929: the pioneers who had been embedded there for ten, fifteen years; in fact, since Park Avenue had stopped being "over by the railroad tracks." The other species, newly come, had just signed its leases on the crest of the bull market.

Today there are still two brands of Park Avenueites. There are the yet substantial, and those of us who were substantial once and are blessed with hopes and long-suffering landlords. And now there is a third breed creeping in. These are moneyed, but lack the social references necessary in the old days. Our landlords are welcoming them. And so are we, for that matter. We find them much more amusing than our former neighbors who were stiff with family and prestige.

The other apartment on our floor is now occupied by a famed and gorgeous talkie star, very noisy in the voice and voluminous in the acquaintance. She has a constant stream of visitors. The "Big Parade" we call them. But she and her friends have a much better time than the late unlamented old guard. In fact, I rather hope to be bid to one of the two-in-the-morning-and-still-yodeling parties they "throw." I practically attend them now, anyway. Even Park Avenue walls are thin.

I was twenty-three in November, 1929, and not much good for anything except becoming engaged and disengaged. It is astonishing how many Park Avenue families are afflicted with just such daughters.

At first we all thought being depressed a joke, and went about gayly borrowing from our few still affluent friends and promising things for the future.

As a family we had reserves in the beginning, and my father, struggling with a bankrupt business, went ahead. But before long I discovered that the reserve had melted away. Wherefore, abruptly, things had to be done. The household must be supported, and obviously by me. More, for his pride's sake, the news must be kept from the head of the house. He was allowed to go on thinking that there were reserves.

In December, 1929, I started the rounds of the employment bureaus. By January I had developed a sort of refrain to sing: "Please don't let the Park Avenue address prejudice you. I must find a job." But my

BINKS SLADE

What Those Who Once Were Wealthy Have Had to Do in the Depression

Avenue

clothes were still in style, since they had come from fashionable shops and had anticipated the style to begin with. I would anxiously watch as the manager absorbed these details. Presently I would see her eyes glaze over, and she would sniff and murmur "Next!" to the little typist waiting in the corner.

I had known that college girls were once an unwanted drug on the market. But now I discovered that the inexperienced Park Avenue type of young woman was also a drug. Which made me a double drug, as it were. A hampering thing to be. I remained jobless.

For a while we managed to live on our past, which living involved selling possessions. Our rare old books, first editions and such, lasted us almost a year's living. A tapestry and some antiques, eked out by pawning the "family jewels," did us until early 1931. Then we took a smaller apartment of five rooms in the same house, and remained servantless.

We had let the servants go at the first crack of doom, of course. They had gone quite simply, without heroics, and with only a sigh and a hope that we would shortly be able to have them back.

But neither my mother nor I had ever cooked more than a boiled egg. Our first amateur meals were pretty poisonous—and scrimped. But only we of the inner family circle knew that. Publicly we kept face. If I invited some of the ex-*jeunesse dorée* to light Sunday supper, or we served cocktails (squandering prewar stuff, since bootleg means expense), we would go on half rations for a week after. Still, it was well worth it.

Being a double drug is not exactly amusing. During those first few months I answered so many advertisements in the "Help Wanted—Female" columns and remembered so many of my family's "dear old friends," that I developed a regular form letter. But the Park Avenue address and my own inexperience killed every lead. The only answers were from firms wanting to trade on my presumably social background. Had they but known it, the background was as hard up as I. By 1931 most of my friends would have made quite hopeless customers for this gown shop or that antique place. All of us were in a bad way.

AT that point, as a family, we decided that we would sell no more of our things. The scanty remains had sentimental value. But my shoes were worn thin job-hunting, and, although I had learned to type, there apparently was no typing to be done. And my father was at last beginning to come out of his preoccupations and asking pointed questions. We finally told him the half truth that "some of our reserves have dwindled," and decided to sublet the apartment.

That was a wild period. From before nine in the morning until after nine at night we had about the privacy of a Grand Central Station. People came to inspect us. They came in droves. It got so that we never dared bathe for fear someone might demand to see the bath. But at last, after two weeks of candid criticism from assorted strangers, we managed to sublet the place for a short three months. The people who took it had excellent social references. But they were of that brand who had rented expensive places at the crest of the market and were now desperately trying to hang on. Financial parvenus. The agents made them pay in advance, but their rental was a very small increase over ours and we never had a penny of it. It all went to the landlord, as was right and proper that it should.

We thought these sublessees a small family. But the morning they arrived they were five strong: father, mother, two small boys, and a huge English bulldog which later chewed the legs of our Early Victorian chairs. The boys merely roller-skated over our carpet, unscrewed tea tables, and used the light shields for ball targets.

We also discovered after a bit that this family was paying the expensive tuition fee at a fashionable boys' school with the difference between our apartment rental and the huge amount they were receiving for their own apartment from a wealthy short-seller and upstart. (How the lady looked down her nose at that vulgar nabob who was really doing so much for her children!)

But the funniest was yet to come. We, in turn, had to live somewhere. I was busy at that time with a piddling little job. So my mother was on her own to lease a dingy two-room furnished flat from an eccentric lady who, I must admit, was patient with us. Those two grimy rooms were done in red plush and knobbed curtains, and there were three of us to live in them. But, misery liking company, we felt a bit better when we heard that a well known banker, his wife, and two grown daughters had lived there before us. The word in the social columns was that they were abroad. Their Fifth Avenue house was on sublease to pay past debts.

At about this time I was beginning to look seriously shabby. So, taking more courage into my hands than I ever guessed I had, I bearded the credit manager of a swank Fifth Avenue shop where we have always dealt, and explained the situation. I needed clothes, I told him. I would be able to pay in six months, in twelve months, perhaps not in years. I gave him a frank résumé of our condition and possibilities. And that hard-boiled credit manager listened, and watched, and told me to go ahead. I went ahead. I got me an outfit, and faced the world well put together again. Incidentally, we owed a smallish but three-digit bill to that shop at the time. It is things like that one does not forget.

It was the very next day, a Sunday, that I saw the advertisement in the paper: "Receptionist. Fifty dollars weekly. Refined, attractive, cultured young woman." The address given was of a large and respectable downtown employment bureau. I decided to chance it.

When I reached there, before nine o'clock Monday morning, the great, bare room was already swarming with women. I felt pale just to look at them. The broadest interpretations had been placed on those "refined, attractive, young and cultured" requirements. The manager was being very choosy and secretive.

About noon I managed to slide into her sanctum. She told me the job was with a well advertised dance studio. She hesitated. "You're just the kind, but you'd have to take a training course without pay, and teach for several weeks first. Do you think," she wondered, "that you'd like it?" For fifty dollars a week of course I would like it. And she assured me it would all be most moral, which point would reconcile the family. So I went, one of three out of that entire mob who did go. I rather suspicioned that for once that Park Avenue address had done me a good turn.

FOR one week I went through a payless training, dancing from nine until five with scarcely a pause. It was grueling, but rather fun. For one thing, there were other college girls there. It is more amusing to be miserable with your own breed than among aliens. And there were college men training too.

I was quite set to go on. But one afternoon the gentleman who is lord of that studio put a rude stop to my ambitions. He sidled over to me, and just stood. "How long will I have to teach before I can begin receptioning?" I brightly inquired. I had felt all along that he did not particularly like me, but I was unprepared for his answer. "Well," he said, "these others will teach for maybe two or three weeks before they can reception. But you, I should say, would have to teach for six months or more before I would—"

Meekly I asked him why he thought so little of my chances. Without hesitating for a moment he told me, "Well, you have no charm or personality." But I managed to walk home.

Nevertheless, it was through a fellow collegian I met in this place that I found another job. It does not pay magnificently, but at least it covers the half rent, with enough to spare to start paying off our sainted landlord. (Having moral obligations to him, we cannot move until that is done. It is difficult, sometimes, belonging to people who believe in moral obligations.) And then it is also helping with the doormen and elevator men in this Park Avenue rooftree of ours. They have been a disconcerting problem.

The Christmas of 1929 we managed to do our duty by them, not handsomely as of old, but enough. The Christmas of 1930 I had an insignificant job, and the ten-dollar gold-piece bonus that went with it was bestowed upon our two doormen, three elevator men, and the service-elevator people. For that scrimped holiday largess we were thanked heartily—and with dirty looks.

LAST Christmas was a bit better. But we cannot tip as well as we should like. Wherefore we rather slip past the hall people unobtrusively, and pretend to be merely figments of their imagination, not real, live, paying tenants at all. But it is hard to be convincing figments of imagination when the iron-lunged collector of the electric company calls up on the house telephone from downstairs and bawls that we owe him such and such an amount for, lo, these many months. Unfortunately, doormen seem to have hyperacute hearing.

Still, we have had a bit of luck lately. My mother was, quite accidentally, bowled over by a taxi a week or so ago. At first glance that might not seem anything to hurrah over. But she is unhurt, except for the passing shock, and the agent of the insurance company appeared the other day and presented her, to her astonishment, with a quite unsolicited and pleasantly fat check. After all, it is not every day that a taximeter works our way.

As a matter of fact, I am rather beginning to suspect that life is worth living again. There have been long intervals of serious doubt since 1929, and moments of absolute certainty that it was all black and funereal and pointless. Incidentally those moments came most often after some charity organization had lifted its eyebrows over our minute contribution in contrast with our Park Avenue letterhead, or some moneyed individual had become sniffy over our quite frank making-both-ends-meet scramble. But we have managed to survive.

I enjoy the shabby gentility of our things now, and our hospitality limited to friends. It used to be that a lot of unnecessary acquaintances were underfoot, lapping up our cocktails and falling into our conversation. Living is more comfortable without them. It does not particularly matter to me whether or not the family plate is reclaimed to reappear upon our table. For I have made the grand discovery that it is more fun to be scrambling after my own bread and butter than after someone else's beau.

THE END

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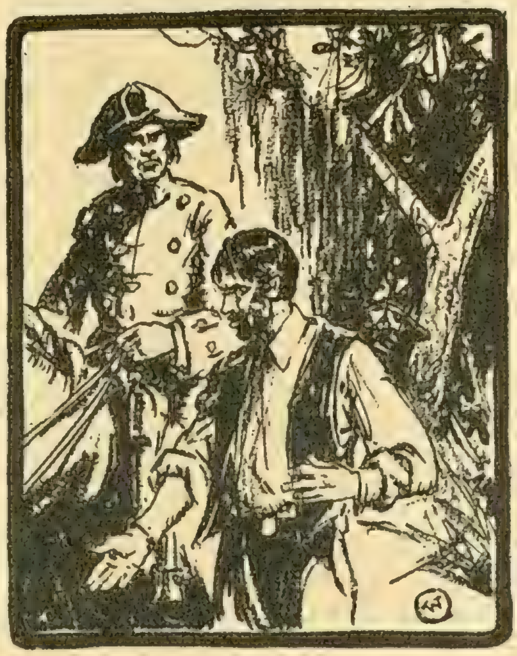
HIGHWAY No. 1

A Short Short Story

By
MACKINLAY KANTOR

(Reading time: 4 minutes 50 seconds.)

IT was still raining when Joe Alongi awoke. It had been raining when he went to sleep—a thin mist of spraying cold that blew in gray waves across the low ridges to the east. At dusk Joe Alongi had stopped walking. His stomach burned with feverish emptiness, and sometimes the wide highway blurred before his eyes.



Through a tangled hedge he had seen a tumbledown barn near the road, and he had groped his way to the open door. He did not know what time it was when he awoke. A starving man loses track of the hours.

He got up and crept out to the edge of the bleak highway and began to walk, walking south, walking like a dead man.

No cars came, so Joe knew that it must be long past midnight. Before long he began to stagger again. He drew the lapels of his ragged coat close about his throat and kept trying to go ahead.

He was surprised when he looked up and saw a horse beside him. There was a man riding the horse. A tall man. He looked down at Joe Alongi.

"You look tired," he said.

"Tired . . . I—ain't had nothing to eat since—since— I walked from Plainfield yesterday—"

The man reined in his horse and bent down. "Take my horse. I will walk."

"No. I ain't never rode a horse. I couldn't stick on him."

"Where are you going?"

Alongi's last strength spent itself in a scream. "To Washington! Ain't everybody going to Washington? If I can get to Trenton I'll try to hop a freight. Maybe I can get something to eat at the police station."

The man said, "I am going your way. Walk beside me, and hold yourself against the stirrup."

That was the way they went, the man walking his horse slowly. Presently Joe looked up at the tall form above him.

"Say," asked Joe, "you from around here somewhere?"

"Yes," the other man answered, "I am."

"Funny," Alongi said. "You don't talk like a farmer. I thought maybe you lived in Trenton."

The man said, "Trenton. I have been there, too."

The horse was very quiet. And it was a white horse too. But it was very warm, and Joe's shoulder felt good leaning against it. "Say," he asked his companion, "were you in the army?"

"Yes," said the man. "I was in the army."

"Well, what do you think about it?" Joe wanted to know. "Take a guy like me. I got my papers right here in my pocket—got three major engagement clasps on my Victory medal too. Aisne-Marne and Meuse-Argonne and—"

The man seemed waiting for Joe to finish.

"Take a guy like me, see? Why shouldn't I get everything that's coming to me? I'm busted, flat; no job; no friends. Ain't had enough to eat and— Well, that's why I'm going to Washington. That's why everybody else is going there. The government's got to do something for us, ain't it? Got to pay us what they owe us? If it don't, the ex-soldiers are all going to turn Bolshevik, like Russia or something. You watch."

When the tall man spoke, his voice seemed to come from far above.

"It puzzles me greatly," he said. "Because, when I was a soldier, I saw men suffer. And I suffered. Yet so little has been accomplished, even though our feet made the snow red in winter."

Red in winter. Joe thought about that for a while. "Say," he asked the stranger, "you wasn't by no chance in the Hundred Sixty-eighth Infantry?"

"No," said the man. "Mine was a different army."

"Oh," said Joe Alongi. "When you were out of luck in your army what did you do about it, anyway?"

"We got down on our knees," the man told him.

Joe hadn't been to church for a long time. When he was a kid . . . "Would that do me any good?" he asked.

"It did me a great deal of good, long ago," replied the tall man on the horse. "Not, perhaps, the act of getting down on my knees, but the thought that went with it."

"Oh," said Joe Alongi. "The thought, huh?"

After that he didn't talk any more. He knew presently that he had released his grasp on the stirrup and had stopped beside the concrete road.

He dropped down on his knees.

LATER, he realized that a bright light was shining on him. It was the fan of headlights leaping from a truck. The driver slowed down.

"Gimme a lift, buddy," petitioned Joe Alongi. "I'm an ex-soldier trying to get to Washington."

"I'm going as far as Trenton," the driver said. "Hop in."

Joe climbed into the cab, and they started up.

The truck driver had a good-natured face. "You look pretty low, Jack. I got some lunch left here—"

He switched on the cab light. Alongi's eager hands fumbled with newspaper wrappings around the package of lunch. Suddenly Joe cried out. His fingers lifted the crumpled brown sheet of rotogravure pictures.

"Look!" he yelled. "That picture! See—that big guy on the white horse. I just saw him, back there on the road! He talked to me—I held on to his saddle—"

The driver slowed down and bent over the soiled paper. "You must of had the D. T.'s, buddy. That's a picture of George Washington."

"The guy on the horse looked like that," muttered Joe. "He went on ahead. You watch. Maybe we'll see him along the road."

But they didn't see him anywhere.

THE END

A PRIZE FIRST STORY

The Tale of a Fighter's Last Battle and the Toll of the Ring

By

RALEIGH GREY HOOVER

Trial Horse

Whenever Marrino hit Joe in the body you could hear it all over the place.

(Reading time: 23 minutes 15 seconds.)

JOE MOORE walked over to the house telephones in the Fort Selby hotel, lifted a receiver, and asked the operator to give him Room Four Seventeen. Joe heard the phone ring several times before someone answered it.

"Hell-o," said a voice indifferently.

"Hey, Benny, I got to see you. This is Joe Moore."

"Yeah?" The tone exuded boredom. "Well, what about?"

"About a fight. I got to get a fight. Won't take long to talk it over with you."

"No, I guess it won't," Benny said. "Well, come on up."

It wasn't Benny who answered Joe's knock. It was Owen Dowling.

"Well, as I live and breathe, if it ain't the old master himself!"

Joe grinned.

Through a door into an adjoining room Joe could see several men seated around a table, playing cards.

Owen Dowling went into the room where the card playing was going on, and Benny Morgan came out.

He walked right past Joe, motioning him to follow into another adjoining room. This was Benny's office. Benny's desk was strewn with papers and advertising photos of fighters. There was also a portable typewriter.

Benny sat down in a chair beside his desk and lit a cigarette. Joe sat opposite him and Benny held out his cigarette case. Joe took one.

"You've changed some, Joe," said Benny, looking at him.

"Yeah, I've had some tough luck."

"How'd you lose your eye?" Joe's left eye was a glass one.

"A clown woodsman stuck his thumb in it in a ring up in Vancouver."

"When did you fight last?" Benny asked.

"About four months ago. Guy by the name of Young McCoy. He ain't much. I beat him a mile."

"Decision, eh?"

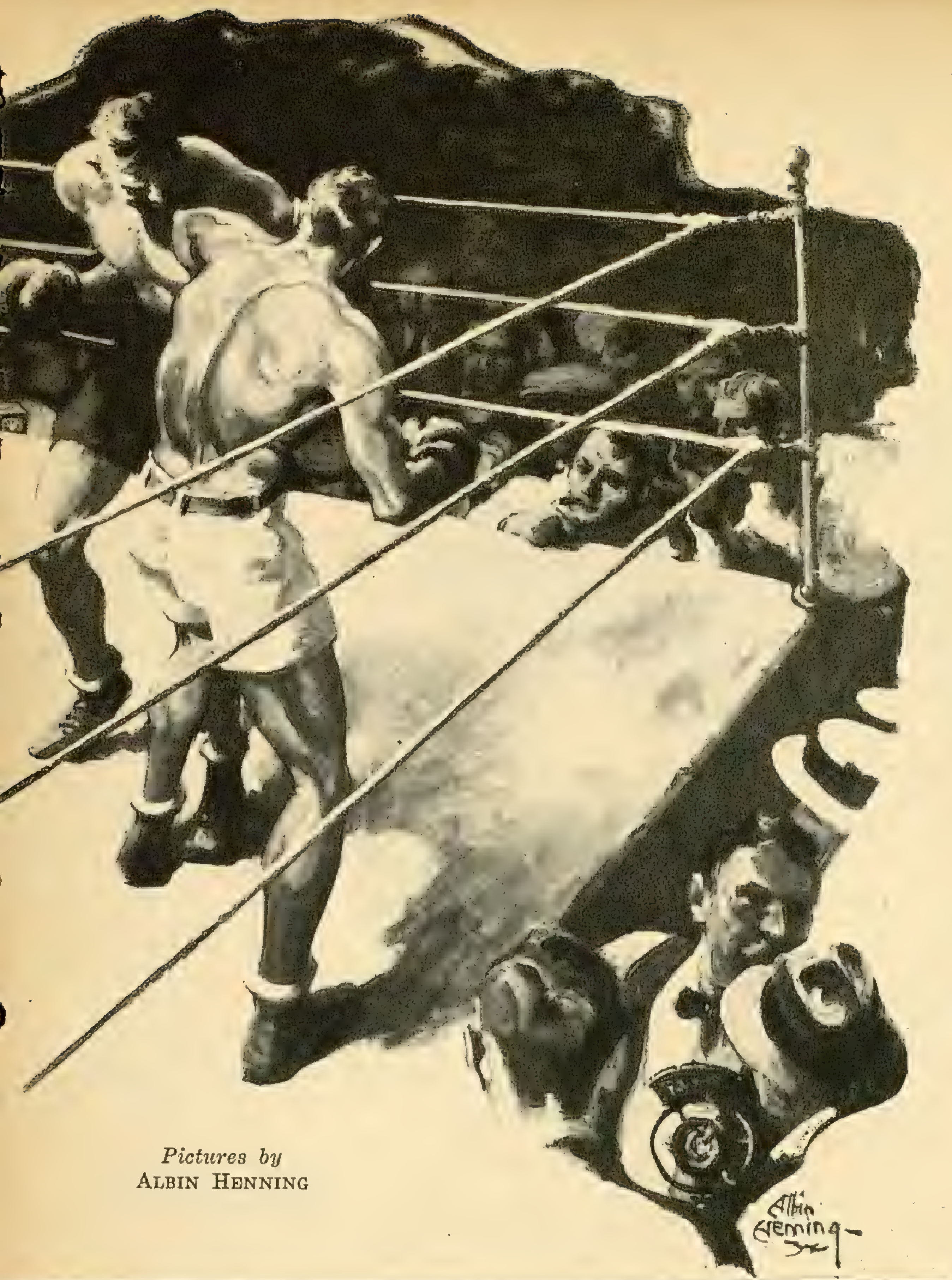
"Yeah, he got it; but I was robbed. It looked like the home-boy stuff. I beat him a mile."

Benny said nothing.

"What can you do for me, Benny?"

The promoter took a heavy draft from his cigarette.

"Well, I think I can put you on next Thursday at the Wolverine Club. Semifinal. Ten rounds. Hundred and



Pictures by
Albin Henning

fifty. You'll meet a young wop named Tony Marrino. He's won a few fights at the Wolverine."

Joe snorted his derision. "The Wolverine Club! Ten for one fifty! Semifinal! Only three years ago I fought Greb at the Garden in New York fifteen rounds for ten grand."

"Sure, I know it. But I'm telling you the semifinal at the Wolverine is all I can get for you. Take it or leave it."

Joe would have liked to tell Benny to go to hell. But he couldn't. He needed the money.

"Couldn't you get me two hundred?"

Morgan scowled. It was evident that he was rapidly losing his patience. "Well, I'm damned! You must think I owe you everything. What I ought to do is turn you down flat and tell you to get the hell out."

"Oh, all right, all right. I'll take it." Joe saw he had gone too far.

"What you ought to do is quit and get a job. Why don't you quit?"

"I'm a fighter. I'll show you next Thursday."

"Who you want to handle you for this fight? Owen Dowling? He ought to handle you for twenty bucks. How's that?"

Joe hated to think of giving twenty dollars to a handler. "Well, I got to have one good man in my corner, I guess. I can pick up somebody around the gym to handle the bucket and towel."

"I'll see Owen." Benny turned to his desk and drew a piece of paper from one of the drawers. "Here's a blank contract," he said. "You can sign it now and I'll get the other signatures later. I'll fill in the terms. Ten three-minute rounds. You get a hundred and fifty. I'll make the weights one fifty-eight, give or take two pounds. How's that?"

"That's all right," Joe said. "I never have much trouble with weight."

"You're lucky. This Marrino's still growing and he's had a little trouble getting down lately. Here, sign it here."

JOE took Benny's pen and scrawled his signature on the contract. Morgan then wrote in the terms. He blotted the paper and then put it back in his desk.

"Can you let me have twenty now?" Joe asked him.

Benny drew two ten-dollar bills from his pocket and handed them to Joe. "I'll remember you at pay-off time," Joe said.

"Well, I won't mind if you do. You weigh in at three o'clock Thursday afternoon at the West End," Benny said, rising and going back to the card game.

Joe walked over to the West End Athletic Club, about eight blocks. He had left his bag with his stuff in it there. He asked Darky Manning, who helped Red Williams run the gym, for it.

Joe dressed, adjusted the carpet tape he used for bandages in gym workouts. Then he asked Darky to get him someone to box with, and Darky got Jack Caldwell, a young middleweight who was pretty fast. Joe worked three rounds with him, and then two each with a couple of lightweights.

"How does you feel?" Darky asked when he had finished.

"Not so bad, Darky. Guess I need a couple of heavy days of boxing and had better hit the road some. Will you handle the bucket and towel for me next Thursday, Darky? I'm fightin' at the Wolverine—this Tony Marrino, I guess."

"Why, sho. I reckon I can do that for you, Joe. Wolverine, huh? Dawggone."

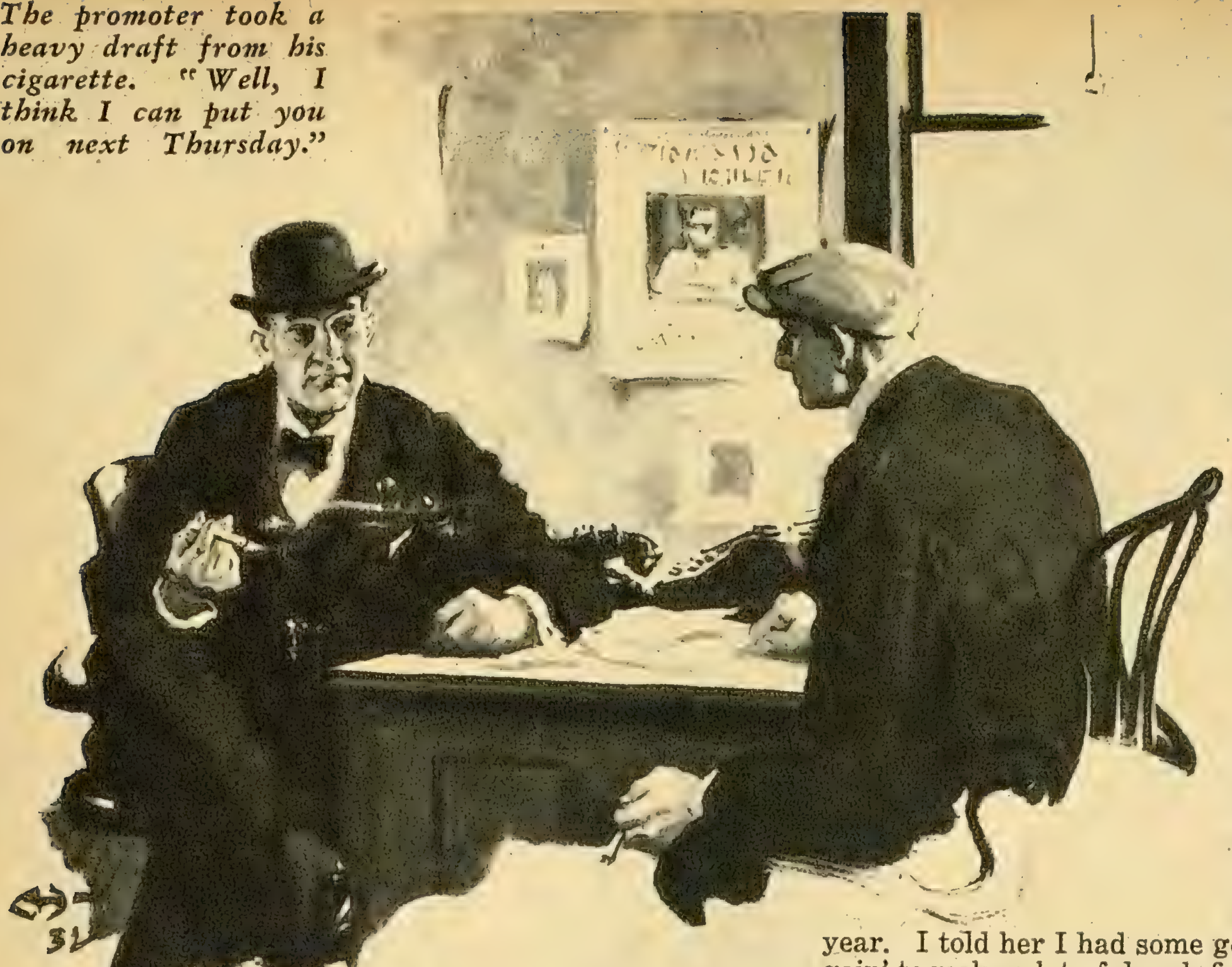
A railbird who had been watching Joe's workout strolled up to Joe and Darky. He chewed the stub of a cigar and wore a derby and a black overcoat.

"You're Joe Moore, ain't you? I seen you fight Greb in the Garden. Well, my name's Berg. I'm promoting fights up in Grand Rapids. Got any fights ahead?"

"Why, yes. I got one. I had to lay off four months with a cracked rib, and I'm taking a bout next Thursday just for the dough. Tony Marrino at the Wolverine."

Berg chewed his cigar a moment.

The promoter took a heavy draft from his cigarette. "Well, I think I can put you on next Thursday."



"How'd you like to fight up in Grand Rapids on the twenty-first?" he said.

Joe assumed an indifferent air. "What sort of a fight?"

"Main bout at the armory. Billy Freas, a home-town fireman. I can give you an even grand. Ten rounds."

"Well, a grand ain't much for a ten-round fight."

Berg grinned. "I bet it's a helluva lot more than you're going to get next Thursday. If you ain't interested, say so. But if you want the match you can have it, providing you win this one Thursday."

Joe pretended to be studying.

"Well, I'll take the match, but I just wanted you to know you're talkin' to a real fighter. As for me winnin' Thursday, there's nothin' to it, so you can count the shot in. I'll give this Marrino a boxin' lesson."

"I hope so. I'll be up there, so I'll see what you got left."

"S-a-y, you talk like I'm just a trial horse or somethin'."

Mr. Berg looked at Joe a moment. He took his cigar out of his mouth, then put it back again, and walked out of the gym.

JOE stayed with Darky Manning until the fight. He had only a little more than twenty dollars, counting what Benny had advanced him, and the fight was nearly a week off. After that he could get a room by himself.

Darky got Joe up early every morning to do road work. They would walk along a couple of miles until they came to a city park. Then they would jog around the park on the grass. Occasionally they would sprint a hundred yards or so and then slow down to a walk. Then back to the jog again.

They did this every morning until the day before the fight, and Joe could feel his legs getting stronger.

That night Joe and Darky sat on their cots a while, smoking cigarettes, before they retired.

"Y'know, Darky, I believe things are going to look up for me. Two wins and I'm set for a shot at Olympia, drawin' maybe two grand. Figure it out yourself."

"It do sound good, Joe. I hopes you win." Darky's words were soft, almost polite. He understood fighters.

"How old is you, Joe?"

"Hell, I'm not old. I'm just thirty-three. That ain't old for fighters who keep in condition. And I do. Always."

"How long you been fightin'?"

Joe looked at the floor and studied a moment. "Let me see. I was eighteen—no, seventeen when I got paid for my first fight out home in Kansas. That makes sixteen years."

Darky whistled softly. "Whooee, that sho is a lot of fightin', man. More'n I done, and I ain't much older dan you is. You ought to quit, Joe. Ain't you got no folks or nothin'?"

"Well, my ma and old man still got the farm out in Kansas. I wrote ma just after I got here and gave her the West End Club address so's she could write me. It was the first letter I sent her in over a year. I told her I had some good shots lined up and was goin' to make a lot of dough first, then I'd go home."

Around noon next day Joe went down to the West End Club on a street car and at three o'clock weighed in. Marrino took all the weight the contract gave him, and the scales just balanced at one hundred and sixty pounds after he had dropped the towel. Joe scaled one fifty-seven and one half.

Marrino was a ruggedly built Italian, with a barrel chest, thick neck, and wide shoulders. He was a youngster, about twenty-two.

WHEN Joe had dressed he started to leave and go eat, but Red Williams stopped him at the door. "Letter came here for you today, Joe," he said, holding out an envelope.

Joe read the letter over three times, then put it back in the envelope and put the envelope in his coat pocket. "Let's go, Darky," he said.

They went to a serve-self cafeteria.

When they finished Darky smoked; Joe sat and stared vacantly in front of him.

"The old man died last week," Joe said finally, shifting his gaze to the floor.

Darky's eyes widened. "Sho nuff! Say, that sho is too bad."

"Ma writes she wants me to come home. Says she's pretty sick herself and needs somebody to help her work the place."

"Say, you ought to go," Darky said quickly. He cleared his throat. "She's yo' maw, Joe. She's liable to die too, out dere by herself, 'less somebody takes care of her."

"Ye-ah. I reckon I ought to go, all right," Joe admitted. "But right now I don't see how I can."

Darky rubbed his chin. "But if—if'n you wasn't to—win tonight—you'd have nuff money to go home, and you wouldn't have no fights in sight, would you?" His words came cautiously, as if he were afraid of offending.

Joe laughed. "Say, if I lost to that young palooka tonight, I'd feel like quittin' for good. I'd feel like goin' home and milkin' cows and feedin' chickens for the rest of my life. But I'm a fighter and I don't aim to lose."

At the Wolverine all the fighters dressed in the same room. Joe sought out Marrino and deliberately placed his chair so that his opponent would see him as he bandaged his hands. When he had finished he struck his right fist vigorously against his left palm, and then the left fist against the right palm.

"Seen a guy named Berg around here tonight, Owen? Grand Rapids promoter."

"Berg? Yeah, I seen him around."

"Just wanted to know," Joe said casually, loud enough so that Marrino could hear him. "He's goin' to sign me up for a shot there after I win tonight."

"That so? How much you gettin'?"

"Only a grand, but I need some good workouts."

"Grand, eh? Not bad. How you feel tonight, Joe?"

"Say, I never felt better." His voice rose higher. "Not since I fought Greb and Malone."

In the ring Joe did not look at Marrino. While the referee was giving his instructions he scraped his feet on the floor and occasionally looked out over the crowd. As he shook Marrino's hands he turned and said to Dowling, "Don't forget to hunt up this Berg after this is over, Owen."

"Yaah, when this is over you won't know what burg you're in," Marrino's manager snarled. But Joe was already going back to his corner.

JOE had sort of expected Marrino would come out with a rush, but he just walked out and then stepped back, dancing around. Joe shot his left in and Marrino's head snapped back.

He shot it again, but this time the wop slipped it and countered with a heavy right that landed high on Joe's head. It shook him though, and right then Joe knew that the wop could punch.

Marrino tried to follow up the punch with a rush, but he couldn't get anywhere near Joe. Cornered finally, Joe tied him up tighter than a drum. He got his right loose then and knocked Marrino's head back with an uppercut. Out near the middle of the ring again, Marrino tried two more rushes, but Joe just raised his left each time and knocked the wop off balance. It made Marrino look bad.

When the gong rang it was Joe's round by a good margin.

It went on like that for three more rounds. Joe was giving him a nice boxing lesson all right. Whenever Marrino hit Joe in the body you could hear it all over the place, and when he landed to the head he knocked Joe back a couple of steps. But he landed to the body only four or five times, and none of his punches to the head was a clean hit. Most of the customers were yelling encouragement to Marrino.

Between rounds Owen Dowling did the talking, but there wasn't much he could say because Joe knew how to run his own fights about as well as anybody could tell him.

When Joe came to his corner at the end of the fourth he said, "My legs are gettin' heavy. I missed a couple of counters that time. Rub 'em good, Darky."

"Careful then," Dowling told him.

"Pity Poor Roy.."
HE HAS A
FUSSY STOMACH

But He'll Soon Eat Everything He Likes *when he hears about* "TUMS"

POOR ROY. So often, recently, he has had acid stomach, a sour burning sensation, or a gassy fullness after meals. The very foods he likes best seem to disagree with him. He can't seem to smoke without heartburn. And drinking coffee frequently causes unpleasantness.

But a nice surprise is in store for Roy. A friend is going to tell him about Tums, a new candy-like antacid mint that quickly relieves acid indigestion. Then Roy will cease to be a slave to a "Fussy Stomach." When his friends order steak and onions, or some other food he likes, he won't have to hold back. He'll simply "top off" his meals with Tums—eat like other people—and not have to pay for the pleasure of eating well by having an upset stomach.

Almost 7 out of 10 Americans complain of "Fussy Stomachs." Hasty meals, wrong food combinations, nervous strain, excesses of eating, drinking or smoking are common causes of acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn or a nauseating gassy fullness. For almost immediate relief, simply munch 3 or 4 Tums after meals—often one is enough.

If coffee keeps you awake, or you have trouble sleeping, eat 2 or 3 Tums after your evening meal or at bed time. See how Tums counteract the gassy fullness that torments nerves and keeps you awake. No need to buy expensive coffee substitutes.

You'll like Tums. So agreeable and refreshing you will want to carry a roll with you always, in pocket or purse. Get a roll today at any drug store. Only 10c.

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For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable corrective NR (NATURE'S REMEDY). Only 25c

Free *Beautiful 1933 calendar-thermometer. Also samples of* TUMS *and* NR—*Just send name and address, enclosing stamp, to* A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. 12-L, ST. LOUIS, MO.

TUMS
FOR THE TUMMY
EAT LIKE CANDY
TUMS 10¢
STOMACH DISTRESS
EAT LIKE CANDY
ONLY 10¢

P.S. Sweeten the Stomach and You Sweeten the Breath

"You've got a good lead, so you can take it easy for a couple of rounds. Just tie him up."

But in the fifth Joe started to take a beating. Marrino's punches were landing solidly now, whereas before they had been just missing their mark. They were awful blows, and it didn't take long for them to slow up Joe. Marrino sensed that he was getting somewhere. Just before the bell rang he clipped him a couple of times as they broke from a clinch. He didn't mean to do it; he was just excited. The referee warned him.

"You lost that one, so, cripes a'mighty, take it easy next time," Dowling growled during the rest.

"My legs are worse and now my arms are gettin' tired," Joe sputtered as Dowling rubbed his face with the sponge.

"Well, cripes a'mighty, take a rest this round."

"Don't worry. This palooka ain't goin' to stop me."

Joe looked terrible in the sixth. The strong boy wrestled him away and socked him all over. Three times, as the referee parted them, he clipped Joe with that left hook. It didn't hurt much, and Joe didn't say anything, but the crowd booed Marrino. The referee stopped them and gave the boy a good talking to.

"Whatever you do, don't throw in no towel," Joe gasped, while Dowling and Darky worked over him.

"Well, cripes a'mighty, tie him up," was all Dowling could say.

Marrino started in again right where he left off. Joe tried to shoot his left, but there wasn't any steam to it. Marrino just took it and kept coming. Finally he jumped in after a clinch and started shooting punches from every direction. Joe went down. He motioned toward his corner that he wasn't hurt but stayed down for a nine. When he arose Dowling clutched Darky's arm and gasped, "His eye! The good one! It's almost closed!"

Darky looked and could see only a narrow slit in the middle of a patch of purple skin where the good eye was. "Lawd! 'Nother'n will blind him, sho."

The words were not out of his mouth before Marrino feinted for the body and then hooked a wicked left squarely over the eye. Joe staggered, but managed to fall into a clinch.

"The poor devil!" breathed Dowling. "Gimme that towel, Darky."

Joe had gotten one hand free and was waving it up and down in the general direction of his corner. Then he turned his head. "No towel!" he cried.

"The damn' fool!" Dowling said disgustedly. Then, "What a lousy shame! He don't know enough to quit when he's blind!"

SOMEHOW Joe staggered through the round. He was still slipping punches instinctively, although he could not see where they were coming from, and whenever he felt himself near his man he grabbed Marrino's arms and held. Darky jumped into the ring at the bell and led him to his corner. The referee came over and looked at him, but Dowling stood over Joe, covering his eye with a towel, and said, "He's all right. I got the towel ready if I see he's gettin' hurt." The referee walked away to a neutral corner. Dowling examined the eye. Marrino's punch had landed right below the eye and it was simply closed tight by the swelling.

"Any time you say, Joe," Dowling told him.

"N-not—yet. R-rub—rub my legs, Darky. They're —awful—tired."

As the eighth started Joe put up his hands and waited for Marrino to come to him. He didn't have to wait long. He felt for his opponent's arms and held as long as he could. As they broke Marrino hooked a heavy left to the jaw. Joe went down.

"I hope to God he's out," said Owen.

Cries of "Foul! Foul" started in various parts of the hall, and in a few moments the crowd was yelling it in unison, varied occasionally with a succession of boos. Marrino looked flabbergasted at his fallen foe and the referee motioned him back to his corner.

The referee didn't start a count, but looked at Joe. Joe rolled over on his belly and reached for the ropes as if to pull himself up. He missed the lower strand and then lay still.

The referee motioned to Dowling and Darky and they jumped into the ring, Darky shoving the stool under the ropes. The three picked up Joe and dragged him to his corner. Dowling reached for the sponge and bottle of ammonia, and as he did so Joe rolled off the stool. The referee and Darky grabbed him and set him up again.

"Jees, he's cold!" exclaimed Dowling.

The three worked frantically over Joe and in a couple of minutes he came around and shook his head.

"Well, you got it, boy," said Dowling.

Joe said nothing. He shook his head again, sniffed the smelling salts, and took a swig of aromatic spirits of ammonia. Then he sputtered, "The dirty louse! He hit me on the break!"

The referee went over to Marrino's corner and said something to him and his handlers. Angry cries of protest answered him. He walked back to Joe and motioned him to get up. Joe arose and Darky led him, staggering drunkenly, to the center of the ring. The referee grasped his left hand and raised it aloft.

"Moore on a foul!" he announced.

Cheers greeted the decision, and Joe got a big hand as Darky and Dowling led him from the ring and through the aisles to the dressing room.

BACK in the dressing room Marrino came over and took Joe's hand. He was crying a little. "I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to hit you on the break like that."

Joe couldn't see much of him, but he grinned a little through swollen lips. "I know," he said. "You're sorry as hell you didn't get credit for knocking out a blind man. A hell of a fighter you are."

Marrino shrugged his shoulders. His manager growled, "Yaah, you're just a lucky bum, that's all."

"Well, I got a head," Joe said.

He got his clothes on. "Hunt up this fellow Berg, Owen. We got to fix up a contract."

"Another fight, huh? Well, I'm damned if I handle you in that one. I don't want to see no murder."

Joe went to a corner of the room and sat down in a chair and smoked a cigarette. Darky went out and came back in a few minutes with a pint bottle of liquor. He handed it to Joe and the fighter took a couple of long swigs. He smacked his lips. "That sure goes good," he said. Darky drew up a chair and sat down beside him. They were alone in that corner of the room.

"I bet you don't know somethin', Darky." Joe's voice was almost a whisper.

"Whut's 'at, Joe?"

"I wasn't out at all."

Darky laughed a little. "Yes, you was, Joe. You was out cold as ever I seen a fighter cold. Co'se, 'ceptin' fo' yo' eye, you wasn't hurt much. But, man, you sho was cold."

Joe chuckled. He took a long draft of his cigarette. "Well, I guess I'm a better actor than I figured I was. Fooled you and Owen both. Hot damn! Guess I *was* good!"

He drew his chair closer. "Listen, Darky. I knew my chances were damn' slim with this eye closed. The only thing left was for me to win on a foul. And that would have been slim too if this wop hadn't paved the way for me. The referee might not have tumbled, but

Next Week—

DOES AMERICA NEED A DICTATOR?

By

COL. E. M. HOUSE

A warning to selfish wealth and narrow-minded politicians to uplift our capitalistic civilization

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A NEW DEAL IN WAR DEBTS

By

JAY FRANKLIN

Why the United States is likely to obtain control of all foreign credit in return for postponement of payments

he'd been warnin' this palooka, see? And the crowd was on to him too, see? Hell, man, it was easy. All I had to do was act. The wop was anxious, so I waited for him in the corner and then broke a little soon, see? He was still shootin' punches, so it was natural for him to let the left go. And when he did, I dropped. It wasn't hard to make it look real, as I guess I looked pretty groggy in the round before. So there it was. I saves the fight and that Grand Rapids shot."

Darky's mouth opened in a wide grin, signifying at once amazement and admiration. "Well—I'm a sawed-off son ob a gun!"

Joe leaned back in his chair as he heard someone approaching them.

"Dowling tells me you want to see me."

Joe couldn't recognize who it was. "It's Mistuh Bugg," Darky told him. Joe's face twisted itself into a sort of smile.

"Oh, Mr. Berg. Well, do we fix the articles for that Grand Rapids shot?"

Berg grunted. "Not while I'm promoting the show."

Joe's face relaxed. "Hey, what do you mean? Didn't I win? Didn't I make a monkey out of that guy for the first four rounds? What the hell is the idea?"

"There ain't any. You showed me plenty."

"Well, then—"

"Plenty of reasons why I ought to be arrested for planning a murder if I matched you against this Freas. He ain't much, but he'd about kill you. I'd like to use you, because a win over you would help Freas, in the record books at least. But it's a shame to throw you in the ring with anybody. Anybody, get me? You're through, see? I watched you close tonight. You outpointed this punk for a few rounds because you were too experienced for him. But how long could you keep it up? Your legs were gone at the end of four rounds. From then on it was plain murder. You're not even a trial horse any more, and if you've got any sense at all left, you'll quit and go to work."

Berg took a cigar out of his pocket, lit it, threw the match away, and walked out of the room.

JOE and Darky must have sat there twenty minutes, neither saying a word. Now and then Joe would pass his hand over his forehead, as if he were trying hard to think. Occasionally his fingers touched the bandage over his eye, rubbed gently his misshapen nose and his swollen lips. Two or three times his lips moved but no word came from them. Darky's face was a mask of understanding.

Finally Owen Dowling came in.

"Here are the iron men, Joe," he said, handing him a wad of bills. Joe took them without looking. "Guess you earned 'em tonight, eh, kid? There's six twenties and a ten. I've got my twenty. Hope you have as good luck in your next shot. Grand Rapids, eh? 'Fraid I'll not be there. Well, so long. See you in the funny papers." He went out to the arena.

Joe ran his finger slowly over the bills. He drew out one at random.

"Twenty?"

"Yeh, Joe, that's a twenty."

"Give it to Benny Morgan. I owe him."

Darky took the bill and put it in his coat pocket. Joe drew out another. "What's this?"

"Ten," said Darky. Joe handed it to him. "Yours," said Joe.

Darky pushed back his hand. "Thanks, Joe, but I ain't needin' any money right now. Cain't use it."

Joe's lips twitched. It looked like he was trying to smile. He put the money in his pocket. "Let's go outside," he said.

They walked out to the arena. The main bout was just starting. As the gong clanged for the first round Joe stopped and turned toward the ring. The fighters, both young and coming boys, turned from their corners and stepped gingerly to the center of the ring. At the first thud of gloves, however, Joe turned and walked slowly to the entrance to the hall. Darky followed him.

They went out into the street and walked aimlessly, Darky keeping close to Joe's side and guiding him occasionally with his hand.

THEY walked in silence for several blocks. Finally Joe turned to his companion. "Say, Darky, lots of fighters go out to a farm and live when—they ain't fightin' any more, don't they?"

Darky's eyes lit up. He chuckled. "Why, sho they do, Joe. Sho. Lots of 'em. There's Gibbons, Jeffries, Freddy Welsh, and I don't know how many more. Farm life is putty good, they say."

"It's a great way to get in condition, ain't it?" Joe's words sounded a note of eagerness.

"Best they is," Darky replied enthusiastically. "Best they is. Nothin' like open-air life fo' fightahs."

The next day Darky saw Benny Morgan at the West End Athletic Club.

"Joe tole me to pay you 'is twenty dollahs, Mistuh Mawgan. Said he owed it to you. It sort o' broke Joe up when 'at Grand Rapids promotuh turned him down on a main-bout shot up there. He lef' town las' night. Went back to his home in Kansas. I guess he's through fightin', fo' good."

Morgan chuckled as he took the note and placed it in his wallet.

"Joe owes me a lot more than this, but it don't make me sore to know I'll never collect it. That Berg owns Billy Freas besides being a promoter, although the Boxing Commission don't know it. He is out looking for a set-up for his boy. I had to oil him with two hundred to get him to lay off Joe. What makes a fighter never know when he's through, Darky?"

"I dunno, Mistuh Mawgan," said Darky. "Jus' being a fightah, I guess."

THE END

"Chic" Sale

tells why KIDDIES don't mind giving up their NICKELS

WELL sir there ain't anything in the world that's perfect. I'm a carpenter by trade. I've examined a board fer knot holes only to git it in place and have a windshake crop out. Of course some things are perfecter than others, but fer instance you take even these little chocolate tablets. They taste good, and they work easy but conscientious, and they ain't habit-formin'—but they've got jest two flaws.

One flaw is a mother can't make the children behave by sayin', "I'll give you a dose of medicine if you don't watch out." She has got to find some other threat because the children like these little tablets. The other flaw is from the young 'uns' viewpoint. They enjoy their medicine so much they don't git any nickel fer takin' it!

"Chic" Sale

Those "little chocolate tablets"—Ex-Lax—changed *medicine* time to *candy* time for millions of kiddies.

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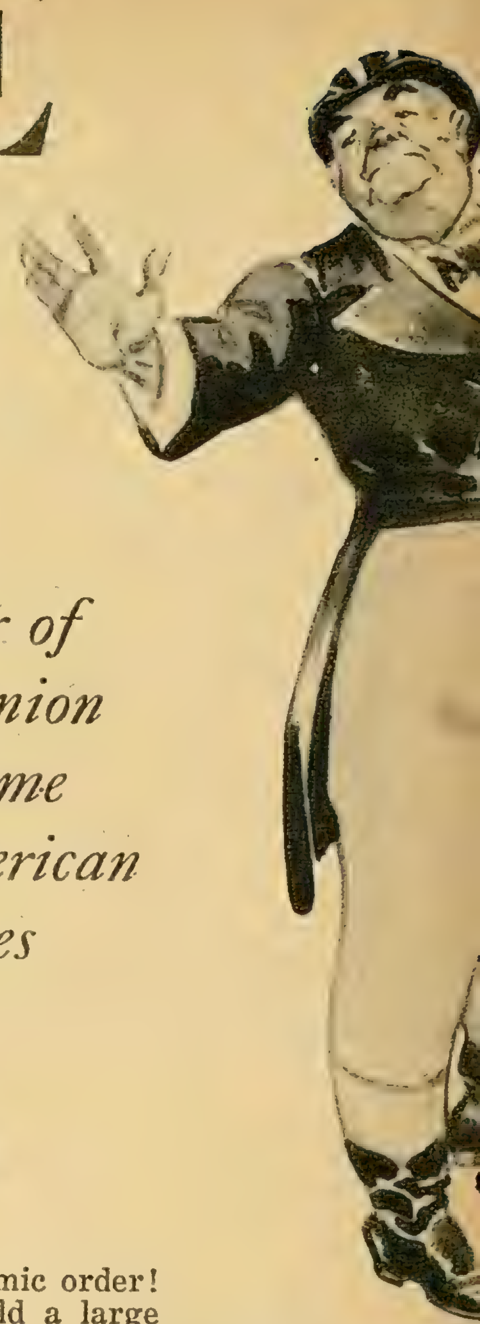
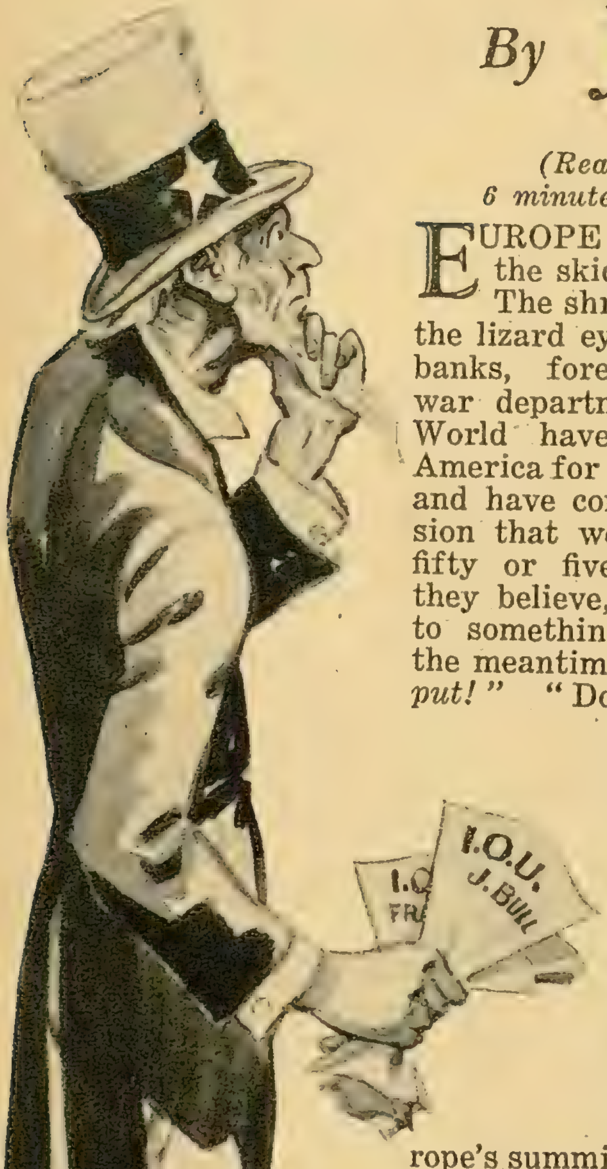
EUROPE *Thinks We've Hit the* Skids

The Mirror of Foreign Opinion Reveals Some Startling American Weaknesses



By JAY FRANKLIN



(Reading time: 6 minutes 40 seconds.)

EUROPE thinks we've hit the skids!

The shrewd old men with the lizard eyes who sit in the banks, foreign offices, and war departments of the Old World have been watching America for the last few years, and have come to the conclusion that we're through. In fifty or five hundred years, they believe, we may amount to something again; but in the meantime—"*Fini!*" "*Kaput!*" "Done for!" "Out of the picture!" represent the comments you hear in the inner circles.

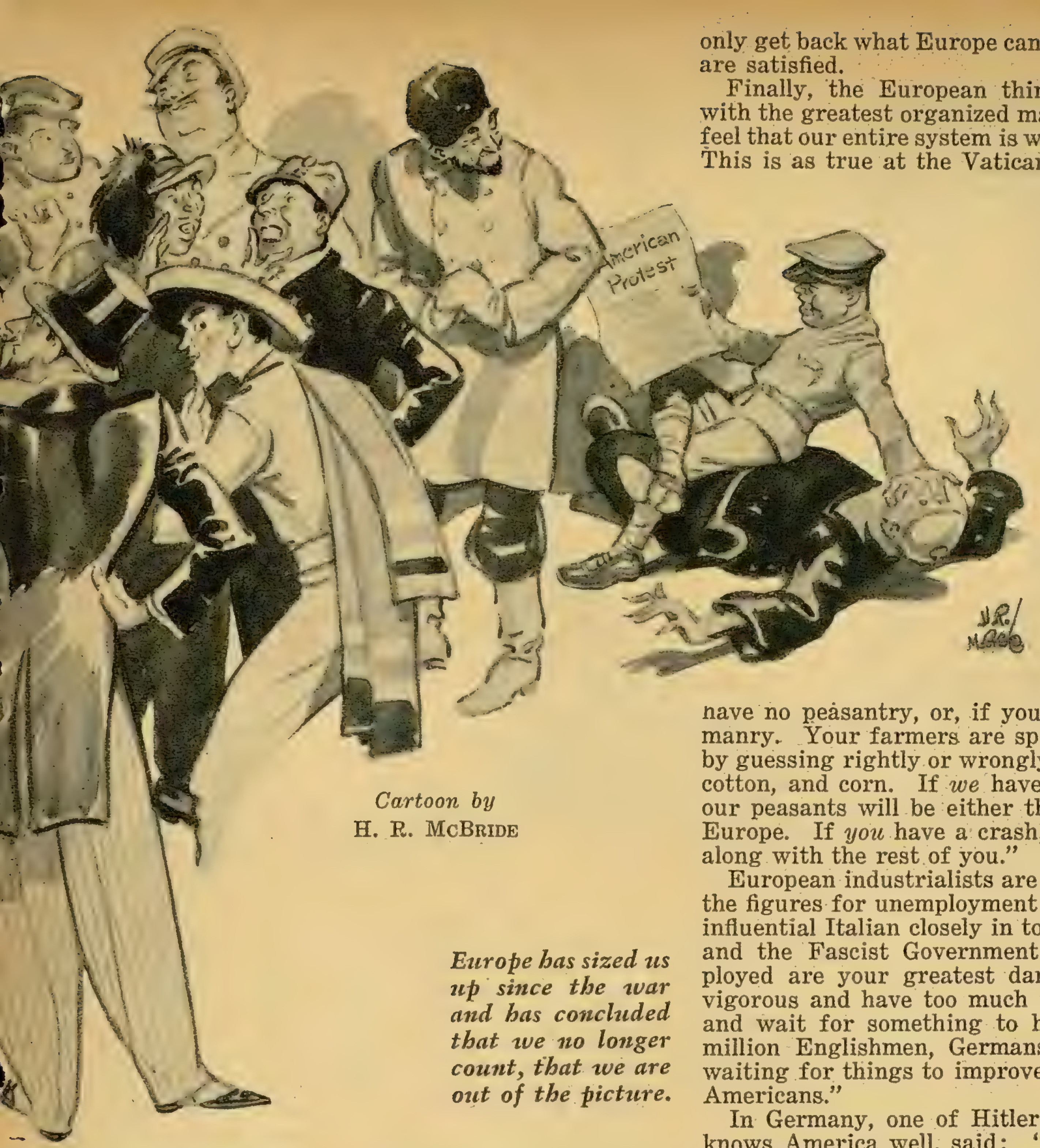
Europe has been sizing us up, since the war, with mingled fear and disgust. Thank God we were stupid! is Europe's summing up of the postwar era. Thank God the American people didn't back up Wilson! Thank God the American bankers acted as though money were an end in itself and not a means to power! Thank God we didn't ally ourselves to Russia and set up a new social and economic order! Thank God we didn't build a large navy! Thank God we didn't use the war debts for what they were worth but merely tried to be repaid! Otherwise Europe would have become an American possession. That's how Europe feels.

The Europeans have had plenty of experience in sizing 'em up, and have reached the ripe conclusion that the higher they rise the harder they fall.

Europe has sized us up, and has decided that we are a degenerate race whose men won't fight and whose women refuse to bear children; that we are too immature politically to make the few simple changes which could restore our public life to health and vigor; and that we are too greedy and money-conscious to put our business life on a solid basis.

The result is going to supply Washington with some painful surprises and give Wall Street another bad attack of the ticker jitters. In the first place, nobody big in world affairs is going to take us seriously or pay much attention to our wishes. The British have decided that we no longer count. Five years ago Sir Arthur Willert of the British Foreign Office told me that, "Of course we regard Central America as America's bailiwick, and wouldn't think of doing anything down there without consulting you." Today the British Government has recognized the revolutionary régime in El Salvador, despite the direct request of the State Department that the British back up our doctrine of nonrecognition of governments which achieve power by revolution. The British have come to the conclusion that we can't even defend ourselves economically, and have embarked on an Empire-wide and world-wide campaign of propaganda against American goods and are obtaining special and privileged positions in our natural markets.

Japan has looked us over very carefully indeed; has taken note of the fact that three of our battleships are in dry dock, that our budget has gone haywire, and that the peace-at-any-price girls have the inside track on



Cartoon by
H. R. McBride

Europe has sized us up since the war and has concluded that we no longer count, that we are out of the picture.

public opinion; and the Japanese have taken Manchuria, bombed Shanghai, made mincemeat of the Nine-Power Treaty and the Kellogg Pact (which forbade Japan to do exactly what she has done), and have paid no attention at all to Secretary Stimson's strongly worded and very moral notes of protest. Even Soviet Russia, which admired our economic technique, has come to the conclusion that we lack the guts to stand up for our interests, and came to terms with Japan rather than rely on the talky-talk of Washington's high-powered diplomatic broadcasting station.

The French, needing friends badly and desiring our friendship, have reached the conclusion that they can't count on us for a postage stamp or a gas mask in maintaining the peace of Europe as established by the Treaty of Versailles. Whenever we come forward with another ingenious proposal for disarmament by everyone but ourselves, the French take a good look at Germany, build a few more airplanes, reach out for a little more gold, and smile politely but wearily at the voice which solemnly bleats "Peace! Peace!" when there is no peace.

The European bankers have sized the situation up perfectly. We're not going to lend Europe another cent, therefore why worry? Let *us* worry about how we're going to collect the billions we've loaned the Old World. War debts? Europe is not going to pay war debts. We can like it or lump it, but the war debts are not going to be paid. In the first place, Europe can't pay. In the second place, Europe wouldn't pay if she could. And in the third place, what are we going to do about it? The money we loaned after the war has been firmly planted in Europe, in houses, docks, factories, playgrounds, municipal tenements, railroads, ships and farms and mines. We can't come and get it, and we'll only get back what Europe can spare after her own needs are satisfied.

Finally, the European thinkers—the men who deal with the greatest organized mass of human experience—feel that our entire system is wrong and headed for chaos. This is as true at the Vatican as it is in the Kremlin; London and Paris agree with Berlin, Madrid, and Vienna on this point. In the course of a recent tour of Europe, a French banker remarked to me with disgust: "Your American bankers aren't what we would call bankers at all. They are simply speculators trying to make a lot of money for themselves instead of protecting the interests of the depositors and investors." A high economic official of the League of Nations observed: "Your trouble is that you have no peasantry, or, if you prefer the word, no yeomanry. Your farmers are speculators who live and die by guessing rightly or wrongly about the price of wheat, cotton, and corn. If *we* have a disaster, we know that our peasants will be either the saviors or survivors of Europe. If *you* have a crash, your farmers will starve along with the rest of you."

European industrialists are shocked when they regard the figures for unemployment in the United States. An influential Italian closely in touch with both the Vatican and the Fascist Government told me: "Your unemployed are your greatest danger. Americans are too vigorous and have too much initiative to stand around and wait for something to happen. I can imagine a million Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, or Italians waiting for things to improve, but I can't imagine it of Americans."

In Germany, one of Hitler's lieutenants, a man who knows America well, said: "The only way to avoid a disastrous revolution in America is to unite the veterans and unemployed in a new political party and lead the revolution yourselves. Otherwise your country will be ruined."

A JUNIOR British diplomat derided the idea that America could stay on the gold standard: "Your Reconstruction Finance Corporation and your burden of private debt are going to drive you to inflate your currency or to repudiate your obligations. Just now the R. F. C. is substituting relatively sound government credit for shaky private credit. When the time comes to repay the R. F. C. loans, will they be repaid? I doubt it, unless you inflate before the loans come due. Even so, your domestic debt situation is so bad that there is a threat of progressive bankruptcy."

And a clever Hungarian journalist advised me that our real weakness was the absence of a well trained class of statesmen and national-minded politicians. Ours, he said, had not yet realized that the Romans were right when they said: "Let the safety of the people override all laws."

Europe's discounting of the United States is no "campaign against the dollar" and it is no malicious joy at seeing the American colossus sit down on the high silk hat of Coolidge prosperity. It is the quiet and sincere and not-for-publication opinion of the men who are the heirs to three thousand years of civilized experience. As a matter of fact, all of them regret our difficulties, because they had come to rely upon us for loans and for easily manipulated diplomacy. But they have come to the conclusion that we're out of training, dead above the ears, and that while we can still dish it out we can't take it.

THE END

Constance Bennett in Rock-a-Bye abandons her usual society-girl rôle. In the photo with her is Joel McCrea.

SUPER

Disney Produces a Fo
Drama, Consta
an

By ROB

(*Reading time: 7 minutes 29 seconds.*)

WHEN life becomes too hectic and complex we have a compelling urge to run away from things-as-they-are. Stockbrokers can seek surcease among the grass-skirted damosels of the South Seas and busted bankers forget their angry depositors amid the soothing (alcoholic) perfumes of Panama. But for most of us our only escape from reality is at the movies, where by far the greatest release comes through the fantastic and ridiculous antics of Mickey and Minnie or the joyous phantasmata of the Silly Symphonies. If ordinary movies kept the soldiers sane during the Great War, these short trips with Walt in Wonderland are likely to save us from going completely booglie in the present cockeyed world.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ BABES IN THE WOOD

I once said to Lubitsch, "Ernst, are you making a Big Picture?" He answered, "Bob, I hope I'm making a *good* picture, and a *good* picture is a *Big* Picture." Babes in the Wood is only a two-reeler, but it is a Big Picture. Done in beautiful Technicolor it excels the best of Walt Disney's Silly Symphonies.

We are first introduced to the classical little Dutch children wandering in the magic forest and share with them their wonderment when they come upon the village of little red dwarfs having their beards washed and ironed under the trees. Welcomed by the dwarfs, the children join in the dance which is broken up by the arrival of the wicked witch astride her aërobroom. Then for a battle, mates, that makes Armageddon look like a meeting of the Geographic Society. Nor could Æsop, Hans Christian Andersen, and Lewis Carroll ever have thought of the physical indignities heaped upon the old girl. I'll not tell you what they are. Go see the picture yourself; you'll forget your creditors even though you may not be by your creditors forgot. Unless *they* attend too.

★ ★ ★ THE MATCH KING

Big Business is at last on the spot. And Mr. Kreuger, with his little boxes of matches burning holes in the pockets of potentates and prostitutes, touched off the hottest spot in international corruption.

Human drama of such intensity was bound to be translated into motion pictures, and to the credit of First National, they have done it well. So well, in fact, that when the country learns that the biggest of its industrial sacred cows have feet of very common clay, it will feel more than ever justified in demanding a New Deal.

Warren William, as Paul Kroll, is cast as the counterfeit Ivar Kreuger, whose social, sexual, and financial idiosyncrasies involve him in the most colossal scandal of the century.

On his way to the top Paul Kroll steps on a procession of women, of whom Lili Damita is the most attractive—to him, but not to me. However, I'm not the sinner in question.

Susan Fleming, Stuart Erwin, and Alison Skipworth in one of the scenes from He Learned About Women.

SYMPHONY

r Picture; a Kreuger
nnett's Latest,
nedy

WAGNER

o was born in Detroit and
ived his Mechanical Engi-
er's degree from the Univer-
ity of Michigan. He later
came a newspaper and maga-
e illustrator and did some of
e drawings on the Encyclo-
edia Britannica. He is the au-
hor of numerous articles and
ooks on moving pictures, and
ves in Beverly Hills, California.

A drama of Big Business—The Match King (obviously based upon the life of Ivar Kreuger) features Lili Damita and Warren William.

★ ★ ROCK-A-BYE

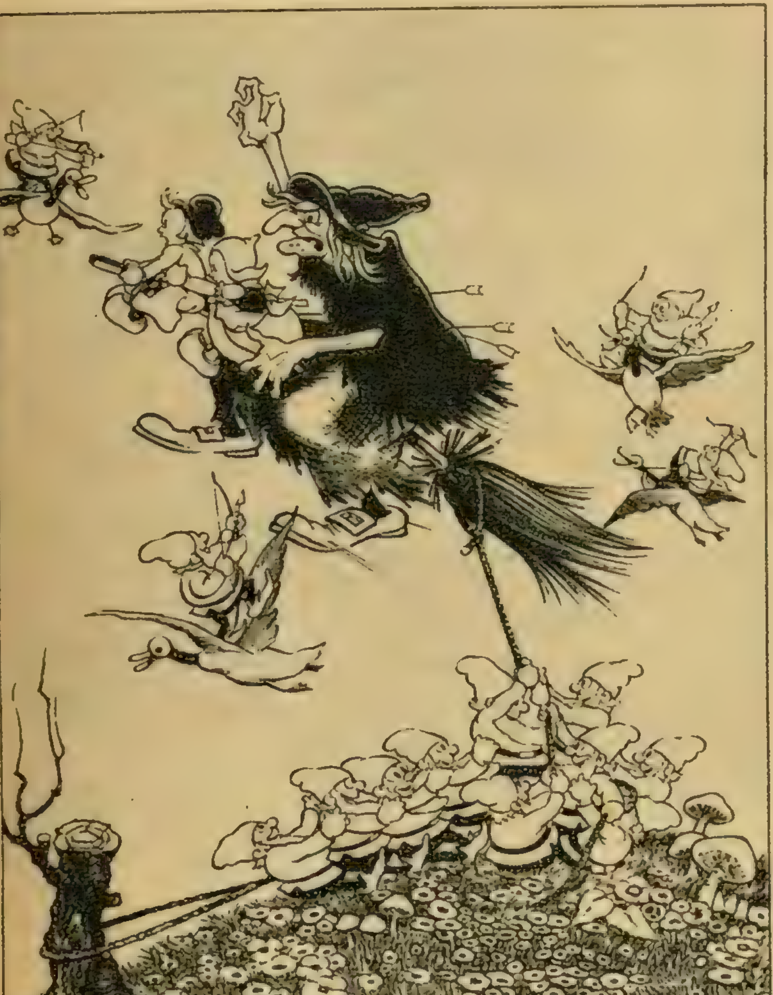
Did you ever notice how an audience purrs and goes " ah-h-h-h " when the picture cuts to a basket of kittens or a dear little babe? As a rule, stars object to competing with pets. Not Constance Bennett. She not only dares to risk favor in competition with baby June Filmer, but she does so after steeping herself in an aura of ugliness.

Miss Bennett takes the part of a vulgar little alley cat who has clicked in musical comedy. She has a whisky voice, shoddy manners, and the disposition of a screech owl, added to which she goes out of her way to emphasize her own physical deficiencies; her lips are enameled, her stance is flat-chested, and in her big scene she wears the world's ugliest gown, which in turn aggressively reveals very unbeautiful shoulder blades.

It is a daring and sporting chance to take, but I'm afraid that Miss Bennett loses the contest, for what the baby doesn't steal of the picture is grabbed off by Jobyna Howland, who plays the part of Connie's perpetually plastered mother.

Besides the baby there are two other beauty notes in the picture: Joel McCrea, an aristocratic young playwright who falls for Connie's beautiful soul, and Paul Lukas in one of his good old Newfoundland-dog parts of the gooseberry lover without a chance.

As further evidence that the cinema cycle is complete and the film folk are going back to the hilarity of the old custard comedies, Connie pastes Joel on the button with a huge gooey pie!



A sure cure for blues—Babes in the Wood—a new Walt Disney film, in beautiful Technicolor.

★ ★ HE LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN

When two Hollywood authors and a director load up on foolish powders and go into a " story conference," they are likely to come out with something lively if not lucid. On the first powder these Paramount cut-ups established Stuart Erwin as a fifty-million-dollar recluse with a moron's innocence of the Facts of Life.

On the second powder they brought in Alison Skipworth, Susan Fleming, and a couple of male meanies who were to get a-holt of Stuart's kale.

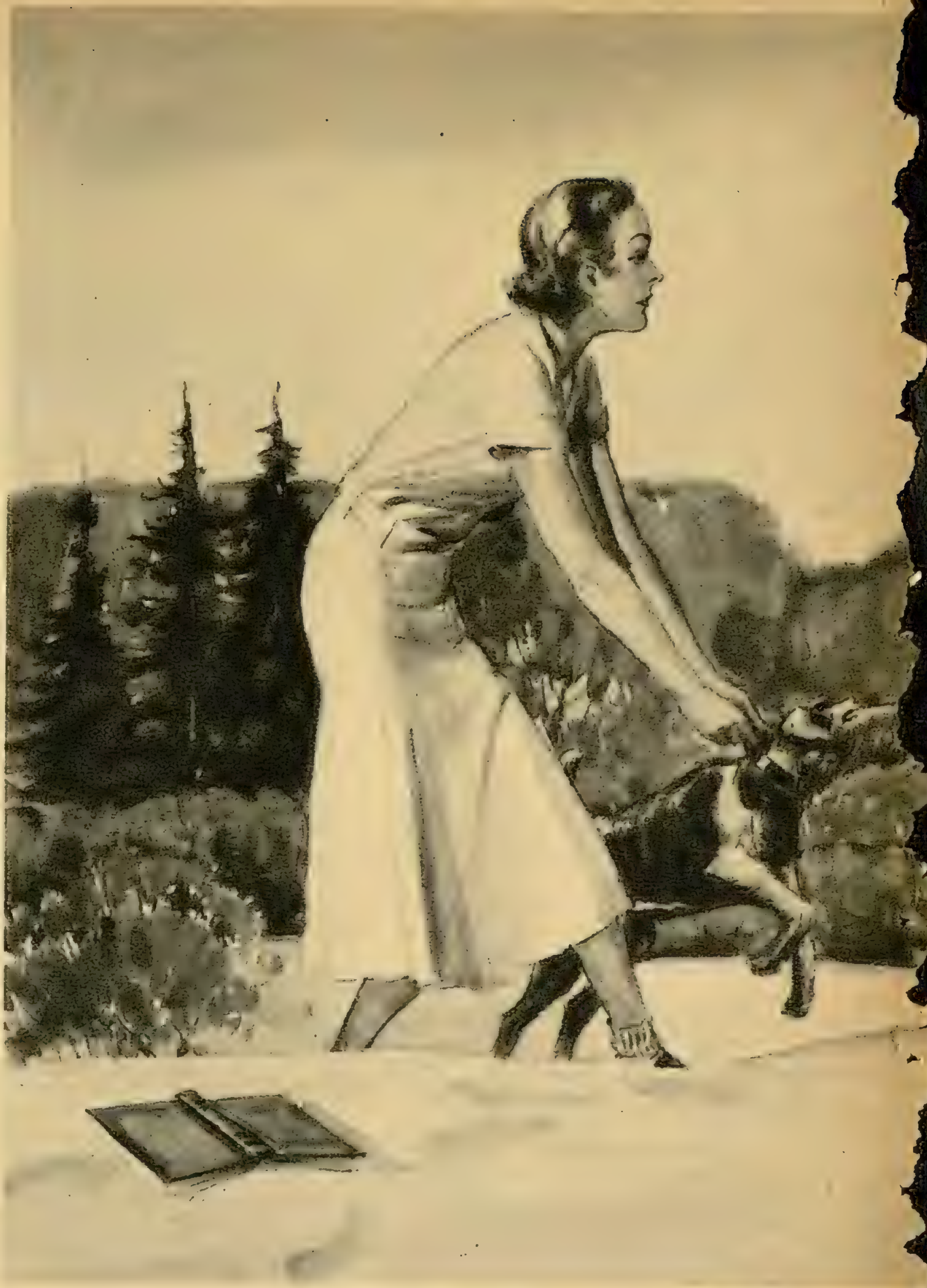
On the third powder the meanies turn tearfully virtuous. But the fourth powder was apparently an overdose, for suddenly everybody goes haywire. There is no rhyme in all this, but the reason is obvious—to make you laugh. If you don't laugh at the darn' thing, you simply aren't well.

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Silver Dollar, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, A Bill of Divorcement, Washington Merry-Go-Round, Movie Crazy.

★★★—The Kid from Spain, Cynara, Night After Night, Red Dust, Trouble in Paradise, One Way Passage, The Phantom President, Night of June 13th, The Cabin in the Cotton, Blessed Event, The Most Dangerous Game, Life Begins, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Blondie of the Follies, The Night Club Lady, Horse Feathers, Congorilla, A Successful Calamity, The First Year, What Price Hollywood, Strange Interlude, American Madness, Red-Headed Woman, Bring 'Em Back Alive, Winner Take All, The Dark Horse, As You Desire Me.

Don Sends for Inez—McGinty Finds the Trail—The Meeting with Betty—Shots from Ambush



"A Coast Guard lieutenant," she said i

DARK of

(Reading time: 22 minutes 2 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Don Mitchell, who joined the Coast Guard to avenge his brother, killed by a rumrunner called "Buck." Inez Pendleton, his former fiancée, asks him to leave the service; but he has fallen in love with a beautiful yellow-haired girl, pilot of a rumrunner. Don sets out in a sloop to find the smuggler's cache, and rescues the girl from a shark, to find that she is the daughter of Cap'n Andy Laurie, notorious runner. Cap'n Andy comes alongside the sloop to take Betty off in his speed boat and thanks Don, who asks him his name. "You can call me 'Buck,'" Laurie tells him.

PART THREE—SNIPED FROM THE BRUSH

HE turned his back on the man and the girl, and thrust his thumb into his mouth to keep from crying out with the pain and the shame of remembering that he had kissed Buck's daughter. He bit his flesh until the blood ran from it—curing pain with pain.

He spat out the blood, and all the bitterness and hate and fury he had felt when he first heard of his brother's death blazed up in him anew.

He swung around savagely, but realized it was too late to do anything now. The speed boat was on its way, cutting a white path through the water. And Betty was waving her hand again in fond farewell.

He turned slowly and gazed at the blood on the deck.

For a moment it seemed to him that it was Stan's blood. He could see Stan lying there at his feet, twisting in agony, bleeding, watching the flames dance to the rhythm of corks popping from overheated bottles, licking the deck, creeping toward him.

He could hear Stan calling to him:

"Don! Don!"

Mechanically he started the engine, turned the sloop, and started back to Falmouth harbor.

He couldn't understand himself.

"I'm going back," he said, trying to make it seem real. "I didn't go in through the channel. I didn't follow him. I didn't try to follow him. I let him go away—free. I let him go laughing, happy. I, Don Mitchell!"

He held the wheel tightly, as though it were a man's throat. He felt a savage exultation in the pulsing of his blood and the pain in his thumb.

He thought of all the vows that he had made to kill that man—to beat him to death; to choke him to death; to turn a machine gun on him and use up all the drum of red-hot tracer bullets.

"And when the time came," he thought, "all I could see was a girl in a bathing suit. Soft! I'm soft! A rumrunner's daughter. Buck's daughter! 'But you can call me Buck!'"

He laughed at the thought—laughed like a ma

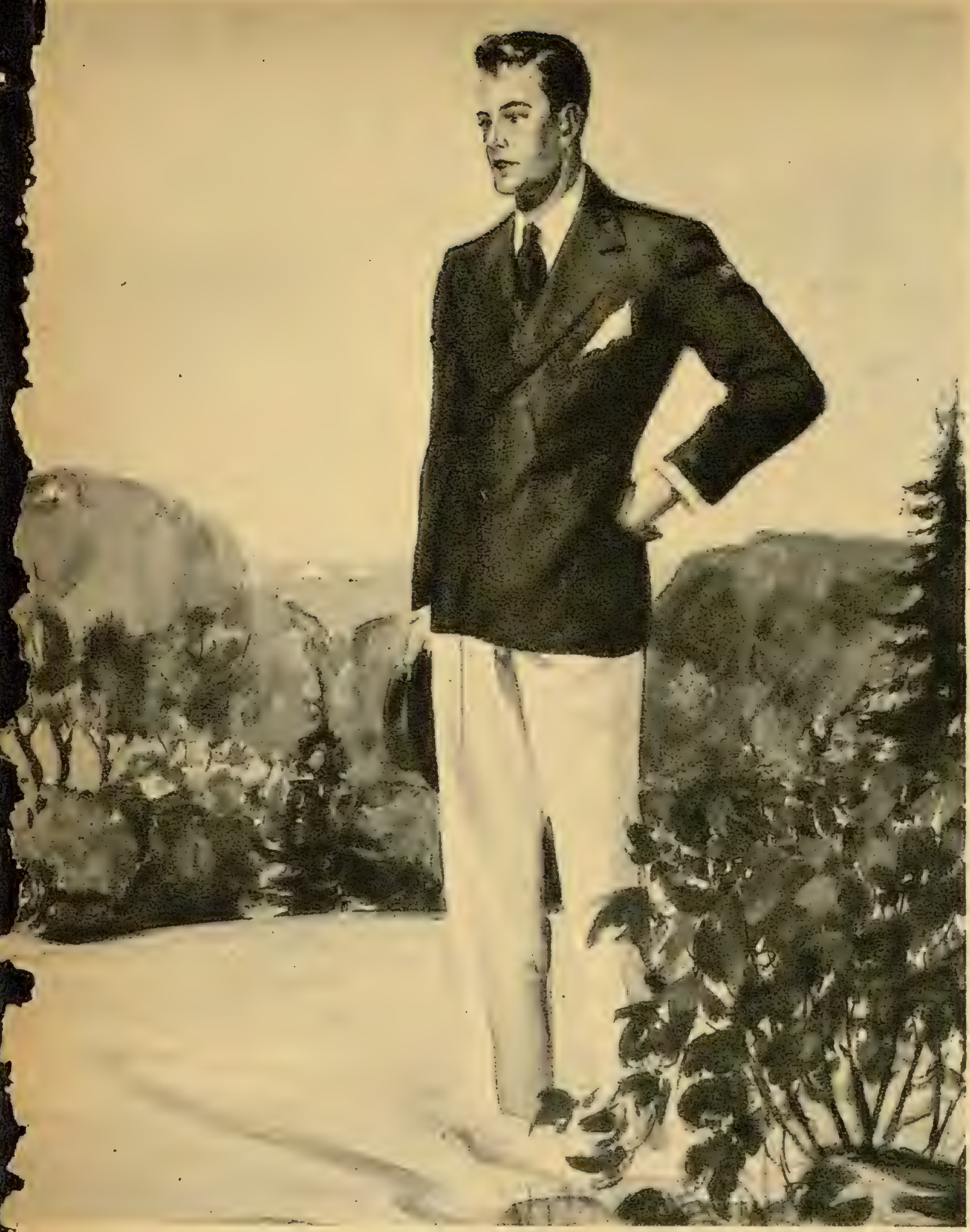
"Call him Buck! Ah, it isn't too late yet. Some nig call him Buck—some night out at sea. And he'll be ly his belly watching my tracers set his boat afire, watchin flames that welcome him to hell!"

He laughed again, and a gull that had lighted on t screamed and flew away.

"And I felt like a dog when she told me about the cha he said aloud. "I was going to resign. I was going wit around the world!"

He wished he had something to drink. There was not on the sloop. There was a bottle, half full, in his bung But that wouldn't be enough. He would have to stop bootlegger's after he had made his report to Comm Howey.

But it would be late when he returned to Woods Hole.



ust shoot something—even if it's only a dog."

he MOON

By

DOROTHY WAYMAN

and

EDWARD DOHERTY

Illustrations by
W. MacRae Gillies

sun was dying now, streaking the sky with blood and fire.

He thought of a scarlet bathing cap that had turned out to e a kerchief. He took it from his pocket and ripped it into shreds. . . .

Commander Howey was delighted with Don's report—so uch so that he failed to notice the agitation of the man, the suppressed excitement, the burning eyes.

"Splendid!" he said. "Splendid indeed. I thought it would take you a week or more, lieutenant. In fact, I thought you ight never get the information. And yet within a few hours ou have accomplished all you set out to do."

Calmly he opened the chart locker, took out a long roll, spread t on the chart desk. Leisurely he thumb-tacked it into place, and reached for his dividers.

"Now, locate that channel for me, please."

"There," said Don, putting his finger on the chart. "There between Waquoit Bay and Popponessett Point, in that ten-mile stretch.

"Hurry up, you old goat," he said under his breath. "I've got to get out of here. I've got to go get drunk."

"Well"—the commander drew a cigar from his coat, carefully made a wedge in the end of it, using the smaller blade of his pearl-handled knife, carefully lighted and held a match, puffed twice, and carefully deposited the match in an ash tray—"well, what do you propose to do? You can't take a patrol boat down there and line up the pine and the stump. We can't advertise our intentions, of course."

"Certainly not," said Don. "But what's to prevent my taking Boatswain McGinty down to that ten-mile stretch tomorrow and locating that channel from the shore? At least we may be able to locate the drop. The liquor that's run in through that channel would drown even a dry Congressman. They can't take it out all at once. It would take a fleet of trucks, attract too much attention. They must cache most of it. McGinty and I will find that cache tomorrow, or at least locate the drop."

HE put on his hat.

"All right. Locate it. Mark it. Then we'll wait for a dark night—and a ship lying out on Rum Row. We'll get the customs men to plug up the land end, and you and McGinty will do the rest."

Don's pent-up emotions burst at the thought.

"We'll do the rest, all right," he said. "You can bank on that!"

The commander stared at him, seeing his condition for the first time.

"Are you drunk?" he asked.

"Not yet," Don answered; "not yet, commander. But I'm going to get drunk tonight, and stay drunk until the night we go through that channel."

He hurried out, and went speeding down the road to his bootlegger's at sixty miles an hour.

The bootlegger's shack was dark. Don hammered on the door. There was no answer. He shouted. No voice replied. Again he beat upon the panels of the door. Someone touched him on the shoulder. A voice whispered in his ear.

"He's been took," the voice said. "Customs men took him this morning."

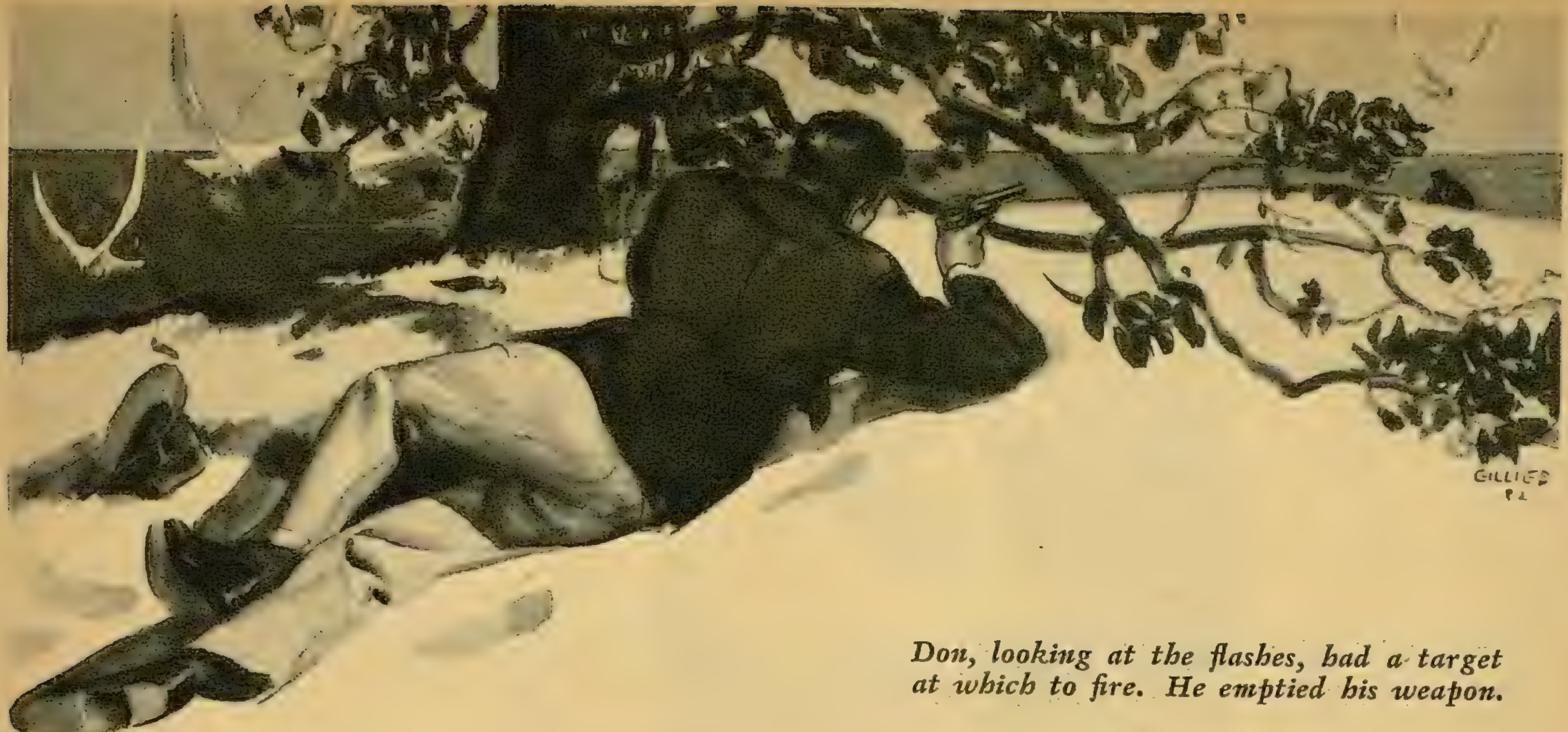
Don cursed.

"I've got to have a drink," he said. "Where can I get a drink?"

"You can't get none nowhere tonight," the voice replied.

"I've got to," Don said. "I've got to!"

He sped home. There was half a bottle there. He finished it in two drinks, taking it raw. He searched his entire house for



Don, looking at the flashes, had a target at which to fire. He emptied his weapon.

more. There were only empty bottles. Inez would have whisky, he thought. She would have plenty. It would be good whisky, too. But he couldn't go to her house.

But she might send him a bottle or two. She must send him some! He would go crazy, he thought, without whisky. He went to the phone and called her.

"Bluey," he said, when he recognized her voice—"Bluey, can you send me some Scotch or rye? Just one bottle will do. I'm calling you up from hell."

"Why, Don, what's happened? Come over right away."

"No, no. I can't."

"I'll be there before you hang up."

Again Don searched the house while he waited for her. He ran out when he heard the roar of her car, and called to her.

She stopped with a squeal of brakes, jumped out, and seized his hands.

"Don, whatever in the world—"

"I'm going crazy!" he said. "I found Buck. You brought me a drink?"

"A whole case. It's in the back of the car."

Don tore his hands from her, picked up the box and carried it into the house.

Inez followed him, shedding her heavy coat as soon as she had closed the door.

She tipped a chair, letting books, newspapers, and magazines slide to the floor, but did not sit down. She stood there, holding the chair, looking at him.

He was opening a bottle.

"You got out of bed to come here?"

She did not laugh. Because she was wearing those flowing black-and-gold silk pyjamas, he thought she had been asleep.

Ordinarily that would have amused her. But now she was frightened.

Don poured himself half a glassful and drank it neat.

"Did you kill him?" Inez asked.

Don shook his head.

"I needed that," he said. "I'm burning up, Bluey. Shall I make you a highball?"

"No. Tell me what happened."

"I rescued a girl from drowning," he said. "I kissed her. I love her. She's his daughter."

The liquor gurgled again into his glass.

Inez sat down slowly. She thrust her little gold slippers in front of her. Wearily she took off her hat. It fell unheeded to the floor.

"The yellow-headed woman," she said. Her voice was like a sigh.

"I understand," she said after a little time. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Get drunk," Don answered. "What else is there to do?"

"You can't escape it that way," Inez pointed out.

"Escape? I'll never escape. Only three things I've wanted in my life. I wanted them terribly. And I lost each time. I wanted you: and you married Happy Stuart. I wanted revenge: and he's her father. I wanted her: and she's his daughter. And you think I'm trying to escape? I'm poisoned! I'm poisoned with hate. I must have medicine. I must have whisky."

"Have it, then, Don darling." Her voice was as soft as a mother's humoring a stricken child. "Drink all you will. Sleep. Perhaps in the morning—"

"In the morning, yes. Tomorrow I'll be able to think straight. Tonight—you don't want to drink with me?"

Inez rose quickly.

"Lie down," she said. "I'll make myself a hot toddy; I do feel a little chilly. Lie on the sofa, Don. I'll make one for you too. It'll do you good."

Don obeyed without protest.

"That's right. Stretch out. Make yourself comfortable. You're tired too. I'll put the kettle on the stove."

SHE covered him with a blanket and went into the kitchen. As she busied herself there it occurred to her that never had she felt more intimate with Don Mitchell than now when she was alone, searching his pantry. She had known him ever since she could remember. She had loved him, was still in love with him. He had held her tightly in his arms. He had kissed her. He had asked her to marry him.

They had danced forehead to forehead and tingled to the consciousness of each other's thoughts. They had walked in the moonlight—in the rain. They had motored together, ridden together, played together. They had made plans for a life together.

Even while she was the wife of Happy Stuart, Inez had not forgotten Don, had never quite given up the idea that some day all her girlhood dreams about him would come true.

But never until this moment had she felt herself so near to him, so almost a part of him. Ambitions that seemed strange to her, and silly, came into her mind. She would like to steal into this house some day and tidy it: sweep the floor—she imagined herself down on her knees scrubbing it—wash the dishes, put up new curtains, and have dinner ready for Don when he came home.

And—the thought warmed her—she would like to hold his baby in her arms, and know that it was hers too. The yellow-headed woman? Inez dismissed her.

Don drunk might rave about her. Don sober—Inez smiled.

She lifted the steaming kettle off the flame and tiptoed to the door. Don was asleep. She put down the kettle and walked to the couch, looking down at him a long time, her eyes glowing.

He had said he loved that girl. But that was nonsense. He would get over it; she was sure of that. Don was too proud of himself, and of his family, to marry a rumrunner's daughter.

She picked up her coat, retrieved her béret from the floor, and moved slowly toward the door. There she stood, wavering, fighting out something in her mind. She tossed her wrap on a chair, threw her béret on it, put fresh wood on the fire, touched Don's empty glass to her lips, turned out the lights, and tiptoed into the bedroom. Softly she closed the door.

"Come on, lieutenant," McGinty said, shaking his superior's shoulders. "Time to go gonking."

Don opened his eyes and stared. "What time is it?" he asked.

"A little after seven."

"And what the hell is gonking?"

"Trailing booze trucks to find the landing place."

"My stomach's been gonking," Don said, sitting up. "And my mouth—it's a whited sepulcher. Is there anything to drink?"

"Sure," McGinty assured him. "I've got the coffee boiling and there's a bottle of Scotch on the table."

"Coffee," said Don. "Nothing but coffee."

He got to his feet and stretched.

"I can't go gonking like this," he said. "I look like a tramp."

"Sit down and eat, lieutenant. I'll find some duds. You can shave and change later. That coffee—"

Squinty opened the bedroom door and started back suddenly. His face was flushed.

"Leaping louse, lieutenant!" he said. "Why didn't you tell me?"

Mitchell peered over McGinty's shoulder.

"God!" he said. "Now I know I was drunk."

McGinty went into the kitchen. Don tiptoed to the bedroom closet, snaked a plain gray suit from a hanger, pulled open a bureau drawer and grabbed a blue shirt, took a blue tie from the electric-light fixture and a pair of socks from a heap on a chair. He closed the door softly and joined McGinty in the kitchen.

"McGinty," he said, "this is off the record."

McGinty winked.

"My fiancée," Don explained. "She brought me a case of whisky last night, and nursed me through a terrible spree. Must have exhausted her."

McGinty grinned and extended his hand in congratulation; and Don tried to smile like the lucky man McGinty must now suppose him to be.

Something in that smile made McGinty swing around and grab the coffeepot.

"The state police snagged a truck going into Popponessett last night," he said, making conversation. "One of the guys had a gun on him, so they held the whole bunch! And what do you think they found in the truck?"

Don shook his head impatiently.

"Two hundred feet of canvas strung on slats and rolled up to go in the bottom of the truck. Get the idea? They back the truck down to the edge of the soft sand and spread that canvas to the water's edge. It makes easier walking for the men handling the booze sacks. And when they roll it up there's no tracks to give away the location."

"Yes," said Don.

McGinty gave up the idea of talking.

"Let's try this path," McGinty said, gesturing toward a faintly defined trail on their right. "See that rag? That's a marker."

DON looked at the tangle of sumac and sweet-pepper bushes surrounding two sandy tracks with a low covert of blueberries and sweet fern growing between them.

He forgot Inez. He was getting close to Buck.

"That white rag, lieutenant, hanging on the sumac tree as though somebody left his shirt tail. The rummies mark their paths with them rags. There's fifty of these little roads and none of them with a name on it. The only way the rummies can tell the right path is by following the rags. They're easy to see at night, with the headlights on them. I bet these rags was put here no later than last night."

They turned into a sandy path. The ruts were worn deep. There must have been heavy traffic here.

"Where are the Indians?" Don asked.

"You'll see them before we get home," McGinty promised.

Mechanically Don felt for his gun.

"If Reynolds could have kept his fool mouth shut," McGinty said, "I'd of located a cache last fall. I stopped at every set of wheel tracks around here and laid little dry sticks crossways in the ruts. Then I goes back to the base, figuring to make another trip about eleven. Whichever track had the sticks broke I'd follow."

"Clever idea!"

"Yeah, it was clever. But when I came down here I found the sticks

Next Week—

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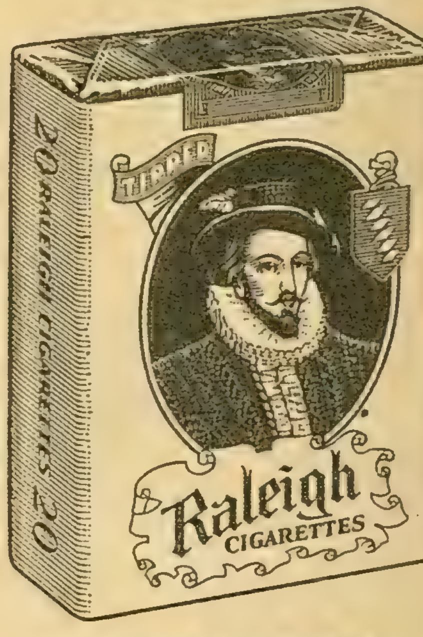

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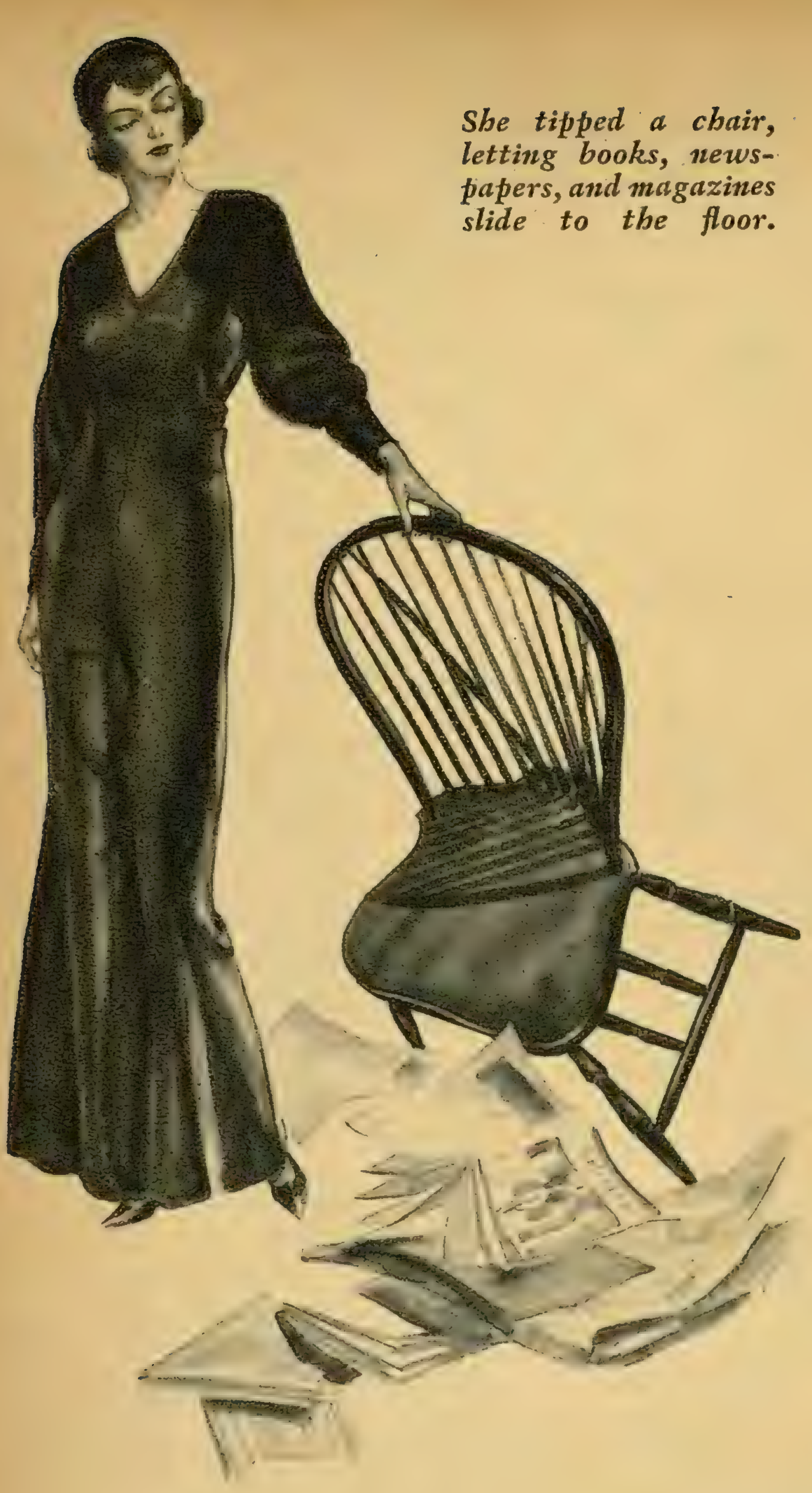

She tipped a chair, letting books, newspapers, and magazines slide to the floor.

smashed everywhere I looked. Reynolds had opened his yawp to somebody, and they'd phoned the rummies. Was I sore? Angry angels!"

The road made a final twist and came into an open grove.

Don realized they had been traveling down a little winding valley that led to the sea.

He could see the water ahead, beyond a stretch of gleaming white dunes speckled with patches of wild cranberry vines and silvery-gray dusty miller. The outpost pines, wind-twisted, gnarled, scaly, straggled out through the dunes, the branches bowed to earth and weighted down with wind-blown sand. The water sparkled in the sun and the white sand gleamed. Squirrels frisked in the trees.

A blue jay spread his feathers of lapis lazuli and screamed and flew away.

"Here we are," McGinty said. "We'll leave the car here. I'll go right. You go left. Now tell me again what we're looking for."

"A dead pine on the bank," Don said, "with a stump on the beach near it, and East Chop in view off to the south."

MITCHELL tramped along the narrow track and climbed to the top of a bluff. The bank had crumbled so that the ruts were almost on the edge. A screen of ragged bushes on the right served as a fence. He looked at the blue sea stretching to the horizon, the lines of whitecaps marking the shoals, the gorgeous coloring of the oaks, the green of the pines. The sweet-fern fronds were curled and brown. The blueberry bushes had turned to a blazing red.

A black-and-white creeper came head foremost down the trunk of a lofty pine and dug an insect out of a branch. A dog barked.

Don was all attention. Indians, he thought—or rumrunners.

The dog barked again.

Don peered through the bushes and saw below him, in a wind-sheltered cleft of the dunes, a big Airedale and a girl.

The dog was scenting the air, muzzle up, uttering little throaty growls. The girl had thrown her arm around his neck.

Don swung himself down, holding on to the woody branches of beach-plum bushes, and dropped on to the sand beside her.

"Hello," he said.

She recognized him with a glad smile.

The dog bared his teeth.

Don bowed woodenly.

"Sandy doesn't make friends. He's terribly jealous."

"I don't blame him."

Betty threw aside the book she had been reading and patted the sand invitingly.

"I am Lieutenant Don Mitchell," he said, "of the United States Coast Guard."

"The Coast Guard? You?"

She got up quickly, facing him. The dog growled.

"Quiet, Sandy." Her right hand stroked the tawny head.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded. "Spying?"

Don winced at the contempt in her voice.

"Perhaps I am," he said.

"Well, get out of these woods!" she commanded, her voice low, her eyes flashing. "You don't belong here."

SHE took a backward step, her hand on the Airedale's collar.

"This is for rumrunners only, I suppose."

"Yes, we're rumrunners," she said—"and we're proud of it. You hate us because you can't catch us. We hate you because you are grafters, murderers, traitors, liars—spies! You take money from contact skippers—and shoot them in cold blood the first chance you get. I'm sorry I owe my life to you—that I ever saw you!"

Don wanted to put his hands on her shoulders and shake her. He wanted to put his arms around her and kiss her.

"You owe me nothing," he said. "Only this—not to get in the way of my searchlight again, even if there is a fog. I would have killed you the other night if your brother hadn't dragged me from the gun. The next time—"

Her head went down.

"I forgot," she said contritely. "You saved my brother from a beating—and from jail."

Don stared at her for a moment.

"Oh, for God's sake," he cried, taking a step toward her, "don't let us quarrel, Betty! Not you and I."

Her head came up again.

"Stop!" she cried. "If you make love to me I'll set the dog on you."

"If you do," Don answered calmly, "I'll shoot him."

"A Coast Guard lieutenant," she said icily, "must shoot something, even if it's only a dog."

She turned and walked away, still clutching Sandy's collar.

He watched the wind tugging at her dress and her sunny hair.

He stood silent, motionless, until a white dune hid her. He wanted to follow and explain. He wanted to shout warnings to her to stay ashore. He wanted to tell her it was not he who was a murderer, but her father, Buck Laurie.

Yet he did nothing but stare at her footprints in the sand.

He picked up the book she had been reading. It was a volume of Masefield, opened to a passage she had marked. He blew the white sand off the page and read:

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the
 sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's
 shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face, and a gray dawn breaking.

He turned the pages idly, and saw himself and Betty Laurie sailing in a little sloop wherever they wanted to sail, just himself and her, and the gray sea, and the stars, and a white sail shaking.

But that would never be. She hated him. He hated her. Murderer she had called him, liar and traitor and grafter and spy.

He wasn't a murderer yet, but he was a spy. There was no question of that.

Well, he was proud of it!

He closed the book and threw it down. He rose, brushed the sand from his clothes, and started toward the open grove where McGinty had parked the car. There was no use looking for a cache around here. Not now.

He climbed up the bluff, reaching for the beach-plum branches, and followed the trail that had brought him to the beach.

His foot struck an unseen root half buried in the sand. He went sprawling to the earth, his hands going out in a protective gesture.

He heard a shot.

His hands slipped as they hit the sand, and his head went down hard, stunning him for a moment. He spat out sand and struggled to rise.

But quickly he slumped back again.

Another bullet whistled over his head, kicking up the sand ten feet away.

"Don't shoot!" Don called, turning on his side and drawing his gun.

His ruse was successful. The unseen sniper fired three quick shots, and Don, looking at the flashes, had a target at which to fire.

He emptied his weapon and reloaded it, then cautiously made his way to the thicket where the would-be assassin had waited in ambush.

In next week's installment you will learn of the outcome of the gun battle and the thrilling chase of Andy Laurie's speed boat by the rum patrol.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What author writes under the name of Bruno Lessing?

2—Who wrote The Owl and the Pussy-Cat?

3—What bird is named for St. Peter?

4—What have the names Herriot, Bennett, and MacDonald in common?

5—What was the time of the first Crusade?

6—When were the Middle Ages?

7—Is cameo a stone?

8—Where were artesian wells first used?

9—Of what opera is the Miserere a part?

5—What was time date of the legendary river of forgetfulness?

11—Who was Vicomte de Lesseps?

12—What are the dramatic unities?

13—What is the capital of the Fiji Islands?

14—Who were the Cavaliers?

15—Where is Devil's Island?

16—What planet is nearest the sun?

17—What was the Holy Grail?

18—What is the common name for iron pyrites?

19—What is the difference between a misogynist and a misogamist?

20—What is the normal number of teeth to be found in an adult?

(Answers will be found on page 45)

Does aspirin dissolve in water?
(see page 45 for the answer)

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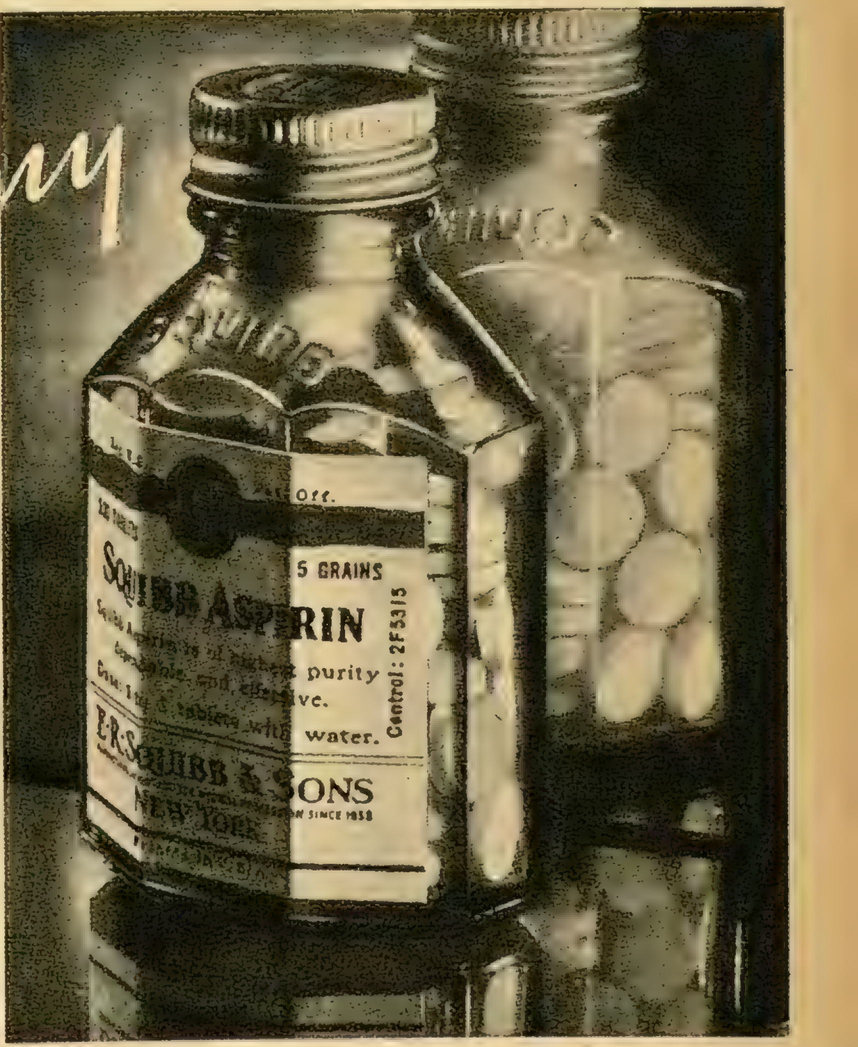

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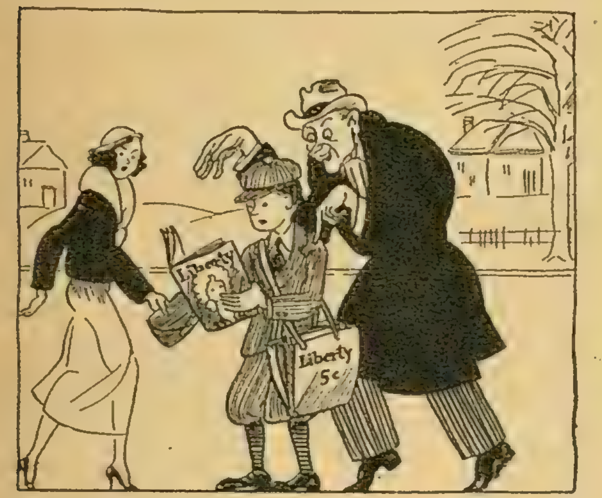
VOX

You Can't Blame the Boy for Liking a Good Serial

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—You have a darn' good magazine. And if it weren't for the Bright Sayings of Children it would be perfect. I've even discovered why the boy that brings our Liberty is half an hour late every Wednesday. He reads what he peddles. I sneaked up on him reading About the Murder of the Circus Queen. I touched him on the shoulder and said, "What's Thatcher up to now?" He turned pale, handed me my Liberty, collected my nickel, and walked away looking guilty.



And Frederick James Smith sure hit the nail smack dab on the head when he gave I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang four stars. It was perfect.

Oh, well, Texas ought to be represented in Vox Pop now and then, anyway. That's all.—*Forrest Duke.*

NASHVILLE, TENN.—I have just finished reading the best serial that I think Liberty has ever run, About the Murder of the Circus Queen.

I could hardly wait from one week until the next to get my copy of Liberty so I could read the next installment. My opinion of Anthony Abbot is *great.* —*Hubert Kennedy.*

Can It Be He Likes Us?

RALEIGH, N. C.—Enter: Another kicker of certain Liberty features, namely:

1. Your cross word puzzles are too darn' hard for the person of average intelligence (and that's the kind of folks who buy Liberty). I'm a newspaper proof reader, but I get nowhere fast with a Liberty cross word puzzle.
2. Dr. Seuss is evidently a cartoonist gone plumb loco. Inmates of our State Hospital for Insane here can't even get a laugh out of 'em.
3. I don't actually need the money, but why don't you print a few of the questions in your Twenty that I so laboriously wrote and mailed you?

Some of Vox Popper's kickers give me a pain, especially a recent groucher from Albuquerque, New Mexico.

In my opinion Liberty is O. K. and well worth a nickel. If the kickers don't like some of Liberty's features, they can still get a nickel's worth out of the remainder, sez me!

Give us some more stories by or like Lowell Thomas's.—*D. A. Jernigan.*

A Low Tax on That Beer

OAKLAND, CALIF.—I notice in the issue of Liberty for November 12 you editorially comment on repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the modification of the Volstead Act, and during the course of your argument you say: "The Volstead Act should be annulled at the earliest possible moment. The sale of liquor should be controlled and *heavily taxed.*" (Italics are mine.)

B. Bercovich

I am in full accord with all your arguments and conclusions, except that I think you are wrong in regard to the last two words quoted above. If you place a *heavy tax* on liquor you are going to defeat the purpose not only of the amendment, but of the modification as well, for, instead of doing away with the racketeer and bootlegger, which is the real reason behind the desire for this legislation, you are going to make it both possible and profitable for them to continue in business, and they will be able to do this and compete with Uncle Sam.

Make the tax *low,* not *high,* and depend upon the volume of business done to secure the revenue. If the tax is made high it immediately defeats its own purpose, for it practically removes this commodity from the reach if not the desire of the "forgotten man," and, when all things are said and done, it is this same forgotten man who pays the running expenses of this government.

Four-per-cent beer, twelve-per-cent light wines, with a low tax, will put these two desirable commodities within the reach of the poor man and bring to the government the much desired revenue.—*B. Bercovich.*

We Can't?

WACO, TEX.—It has been my custom for some time to buy a Liberty every week, take it to my room and read it before retiring, but it has gotten to be such a wet sheet, I have to dry it before the fire and fumigate the room to get the liquor scent out of it before I can read it.

Liberty is all right, but Personal Liberty that permits a man to enter a saloon with a dollar in his pocket and go home with the proceeds in his stomach to his hungry, destitute family is contaminating. You cannot afford to publish this.—*I. N. Batterson.*

About the Left Bank

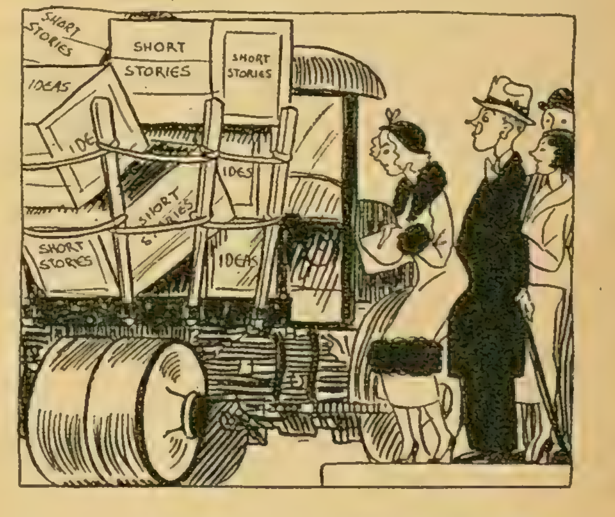
NEW YORK—May I enter a protest against the ignorance of Paris shown by your contributor Aline Ballard in The American Way, in the November 19 issue?

The Café Deux Magots situated across the square from the historic church of Saint Germain des Prés is quite a pretentious place. As far back as 1924, when I was a nightly patron, there was certainly no pot-bellied stove in evidence. Moreover, I doubt whether one could be found in France. The French use stoves called *salamandres,* shaped entirely different. The *pot au lait* mentioned was probably meant to read "*pot au feu,*" a soup. I doubt whether such a niggardly sum as 1,000 francs (forty dollars) would be offered as a prize for plans of a cathedral.—*George L. De Blois.*

These Virginians Always Do Things in a Big Way

NORFOLK, VA.—I called a mass meeting of the entire Hewitt clan last Wednesday for the sole purpose of getting data on the amount of money this organization had spent on stamps and stationery competing for prizes as well as for manuscripts sent Liberty since it became a national institution. It has reached the staggering amount of $8,000.03. I took a vote on how they felt about continuing the campaign, and you will be surprised when I tell you that everyone voted to continue the program. We appointed a secretary and treasurer.

Every member is to send his ideas (rather, bring them on a truck) to the office and then the secretary will put them in a box (or rather boxes) and will freight them to Liberty. We figure that we can save close to $400 a year in this manner. Only one present, a double cousin of mine and a descendant of Pocahontas, voiced a protest against Liberty not accepting our material. He said he knew darned well he had sent the right answer as to why a Plymouth Rock wanted to get on the other side of the highway.—*Leon M. Hewitt.*



POP

VOX POP EDITOR

A Budding Young Author Struts Her Typewriter

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—You know, Liberty, I've been reading your darned old magazine for over three years, and sometimes I wonder why I even bother to get the thing. Oh, well, maybe it's because once you were pretty good. Yessir, so good, that along about Thursday when our corner news stand puts out Liberty, I would rush right down there, purchase one, and stand on the corner and read a story or two. Yep, those were the good old copies.

But now—phooey! Take for instance in the November 26 issue. Your prize first story, Always and Always, by Don Farran. Undoubtedly that is the worst piece of writing I've read. There's no point to the thing. It just rambles along, and then suddenly you see two big words, The End, and you wonder what it's supposed to be all about.

So come on, Liberty. If you want my nickel every week, you'll have to do better than this. I'm going to be an author, but I hope I will be able to write better stories than some of your authors do.—*Pauline Pipher.*

A Voice from Out Where the Tall Corn Grows

MANCHESTER, IA.—Japan may be a threat to the United States, but that doesn't give Count Tolstoy a license for inflaming hatred against Soviet Russia in Liberty of December 3.

Free Russia from her oppressors? Indeed! Put them back under a Czar again and all the counts and countesses in this country would run back to Russia until they were chased out by another revolution!

I'm not a communist, but there's still more than one way to skin the baloney! —*H. C. Platt.*

That's Why We Published It

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Since its birth I have been reading and enjoying Liberty and have never popped off before. But after reading "Big Bill" Edwards' article in the December 3 issue, What Football Used to Be, I find myself unable to restrain the urge.

Being a Princeton man of the gay '90s, my dinner had to wait while I devoured this article. No doubt other Harvard, Yale, and Princeton men ate cold Thanksgiving turkey.

We want more. Tell us of the games in which Doggie Trenchard, Phil King, Ad Kelly, and Bat Geer played. The public is hungry for such.—*Lee Hamilton.*

Those Northern Lights

NORTHFIELD, MINN.—We sure had a funny election contest in Minnesota on November 8.

No matter if a man running for office was a Democrat, Farmer Laborite, or Republican, just so he had a suffix of *son* or *sen* to his name he was pretty sure of being elected.

Hans Lium

Minnesota is packed with Swedes and Norskwegians. In fact, in the telephone directory of Minneapolis alone there are listed some 800 Johnsons, not to mention the Olsons, Andersons, or Carlsons. Let me enumerate some of the victors at the polls: Olson, governor; Peterson, attorney general; Andersen, congressman; Christianson, congressman; Knutson, congressman; Johnson, congressman. It would be exceedingly wise for any American who has a *son* or a *sen* at the end of his name and who is aspiring to a political career to take up residence in the North Star State.

For in the light of the recent returns, he will stand a good chance of getting into office whether he be a Democrat, Republican, or Farmer Laborite.—*Hans Lium.*

Looks Like a Safe Bet

JOPLIN, MO.—This is the first time I have written to your Vox Pop. The pen is mightier than the sword no doubt, but not mighty enough to penetrate the thick skull of those people who take great pleasure in criticizing your magazine.

Perhaps a volume of encyclopedias at five cents would satisfy their greedy lust for knowledge (if they could read such books). Give them an article that is good and is food for thought, and they can't understand it.

I believe any person that will continue to buy a five-cent magazine that is full of good stories and articles, then turn around and criticize it, is mentally unbalanced, and would bite the hand that feeds him. I'll bet the nickel that I'm saving for next week's Liberty that all your dumb criticizers buy one too.—*O'Dell.*

A Voice from the Desert

PACIFIC SLOPE MINES CAMP, ARIZ.—Fifty miles out in the heart of the Gila River Desert of Arizona we were given a real treat when our supply man brought us out a copy of Liberty containing the story Ace in the Hole, by Dr. Roy Hoon.

John W. Mrock

It was so interesting that it formed the main topic of our conversation at the camp fire that evening, and we all agreed that the author sure knows his construction men and their work. Wishing to thank Liberty on behalf of our men. Sincerely—*John W. Mrock.*

Why Not Match for It?

BILLINGS, MONT.—Would it be possible to grant quantity prices for Liberty? Four of us in the family; I bring home a copy of Liberty, everyone wants it first. I cannot afford to buy four copies. Having only one copy makes three members look "cross-eyed" at the lucky member who is in possession of the current issue. What to do?—*A. S. Ryniker.*

Pul-ease, Mr. Lureback!

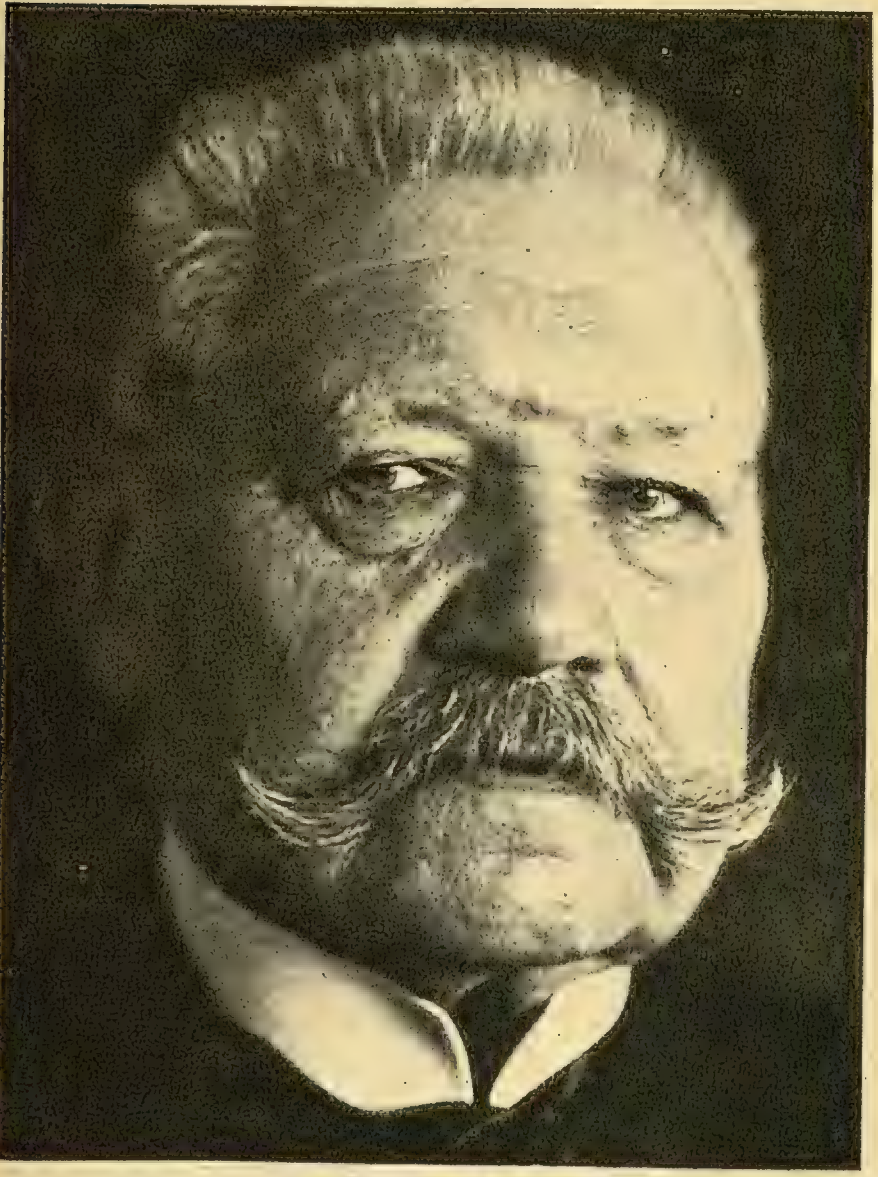
WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.—Promptly upon receipt of my copy of Liberty I turn to Vox Pop. I know it's always fresh.—*G. N. Lureback.*

That Was a Tough Break

JONES, OKLA.—I agree with "A Loyal Girl Scout," in the November 19 Vox Pop. You write too much on prohibition, and I'm gettin' pretty mad just on general principles.

The other day I was using a Liberty to conceal a half pint of barleycorn from a snooty blue-nosed reformer who seemed especially interested in supporting Mr. Volstead. I got along O. K. until he saw it was a Liberty, then of course he asked to read the editorial page to get the latest on prohibition. You can imagine my embarrassment when he wouldn't take no for an answer. Devotedly yours—*Sonny.*

Germany's



v. Hindenburg

An Intimate Portrait of von Hindenburg, Who, Single-Handed, Is Holding in Line the Conflicting Political Forces That Threaten to Disrupt the Fatherland

By

PRINCESS RADZIWILL

(Reading time: 14 minutes 20 seconds.)

WHILE we were in the throes and agitation of the election, Germany was undergoing something very much like it, on a smaller yet at the same time a larger scale. Here we were putting one man in the place of another; there, across the sea, a nation was attempting to bring about some kind of order in a situation which appeared to be almost hopelessly entangled.

The recent parliamentary election in Germany might have been an event almost unparalleled in its European importance, because, say what one will, a disorganized people across the Rhine might cause more annoyances to France and its allies than even a restoration of the Hohenzollern dynasty—the latter a fact which, but for the existence of the present President of the German Republic, Field Marshal von Hindenburg, could already have been accomplished.

For there is no mistaking the political symptoms which appear everywhere in Germany to be the same. They all mean great sympathy, on the part not only of individuals but of the masses, toward the return of its old dynasties, and there is no secret made in certain circles more or less influential of the intention to restore the thrones of Prussia, Bavaria, Württemberg, and Saxony as soon as possible.

In Bavaria especially the attachment of the people to the old dynasty is quite openly expressed, and few things have been altered in that country or in its capital, Munich. The guard is still changed daily at the gates of the ancient palace of the Wittelsbachs, the police still wear the royal coat of arms and the crown on their helmets, and there are weekly reviews and meetings of the peasants and soldiers who are faithful to the former Crown Prince Rupprecht, whom they all call "his Majesty."

And Bavaria is not the only state clinging to old remembrances and treasuring them. The same thing is true of Saxony, Württemberg, and Prussia, in spite of the fact that in the last-named country a portion of the population feels very resentful in regard to the Kaiser—but only toward him personally, not toward his children and grandchildren, whose return to power it would welcome.

The fact of the matter is that Germany has begun to get tired of its internal strifes, and very likely it might have done something extreme about them had it not been for the presence at its head of old "Father Hindenburg," as he is familiarly called.

The field marshal is indeed an extraordinary figure from many points of view. For one thing, he attained the height of his fame at an age at which most men have

GREAT *OLD* MAN

Photos by Keystone-Underwood

stepped down from the platform of political and social life; and for another, no one who knew him twenty years ago, not to go back any further, could have imagined that his figure would ever stand at the bar of history as that of a great leader of men, not to speak of armies.

In his youth, and indeed in his whole career, he was never what would be called a brilliant man. His was a positive intellect, absorbed in one idea, and refusing to look right or left for an inspiration which he generally found within himself. The only thing that really mattered, according to him, was whether or not a man did his duty.

I KNEW him—not well, but enough to enjoy his conversation whenever I happened to meet him, which was only at some court festivity or other in Berlin, and this many and many years ago. Sometimes we were neighbors at those frightfully dull weekly concerts which during the Lenten season the old Empress Augusta used to give every Thursday in her palace. He was then an officer in the Guards, one among many, absolutely insignificant and unnoticed. He was included in royal invitations only because of his brother who had married one of the daughters of Count, afterward Prince, Münster, who for long years occupied the position of German Ambassador in Paris first, and London afterward. This alliance gave to the Hindenburgs an entry into circles that most likely would have remained closed to them otherwise, in spite of the fact that theirs was one of the most ancient families in Prussia.

Hindenburg, although not a society man in the sense which we attach to this word, was a pleasant and interesting companion and talker. He possessed the art of never appearing tired or bored. I was extremely young

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....

Hindenburg reviews a crack regiment and chief aid-de-camp, Colonel Hindenbu

at that time and did not speak German at all well, and he certainly was not a brilliant French scholar, yet somehow we managed to understand each other. He had a sense of humor and could catch the funny side of every situation, but nevertheless he always retained the attitude of a strict disciplinarian, and in a certain sense was the embodiment of the old spirit of militarism, thanks to which the German Empire had been created—a spirit which put duty before everything else in the world.

There is a curious thing which I think is known to but very few people, but the first person who detected in Hindenburg the military capacity of which he was to give such remarkable proof during the World War was old Marshal von Moltke. One day the marshal had had occasion to discuss some military question or other with young Captain von Hindenburg, and he had been so struck with his remarks that he had asked to have the young man attached to the headquarters of the General Staff. What took place there I do not know, but it seems that his superior officers told Moltke that his protégé had not come up to their expectations, and would not be an acquisition to the staff.

What happened afterward I either never heard or have forgotten, but the fact is that the military career of Hindenburg proceeded very slowly, that he made for himself many enemies, and that the World War found him living in Hanover, where he had retired after having resigned from active service.

Before settling in the old city of the Guelph dynasty, he had spent some years in his native province of East Prussia, and by some sort of strange foreboding had made up his mind that it was bound to become the theater of the war with Russia which he had always prophesied was bound to come sooner or later. In view of this, he carefully studied the ground and evolved the plans he was to carry out many years later, when he was called upon to repulse the Russian advance in those regions.

BUT when war broke out no one dreamed of turning to Hindenburg's talents and patriotism. He was known to but very few, not liked in general, and regarded as a prophet of things which people thought ought never to be mentioned because they spelled defeat and the destruction of what was, if not believed in, at least declared to be eternal.

Yet this destruction was on its way. The Russians entered East Prussia and established themselves there, and it seemed at one moment that nothing could stop their march on Berlin.

In the middle of a dark night while rain was falling in torrents a message from the General Staff was delivered in Hanover to Hindenburg, who had already retired and whom his servants did not at first want to waken. It was an appeal to take the command of the army intrusted with the task of clearing East Prussia of the enemy. Hindenburg read it, then had his kit packed in a hurry, and an hour later was on his way to Berlin, where he had been told he would find instructions, after having dispatched a telegram to the High Command asking for the nomination of Colonel von Ludendorff as his chief of staff. Duty had called him, and as always he had obeyed.

Ten days later the Battle of Tannenberg saw the complete destruction of the best army Russia had been able to put in the field. It was one of the most terrible, inhuman massacres of history. One hundred and fifty thousand men were either slain or engulfed in the swamps known as the Masurian Lakes, whither they had been lured. They perished in them slowly in excruciating agony, sucked under by the mud, out of which they could not escape. For ten days the screams of the miserable victims were heard, imploring help that could not have been given had anyone tried, and at the end of that time Hindenburg, the strong man, felt he could not stand it any longer, and artillery was brought into action to shoot into silence this crowd of doomed creatures.

But East Prussia was saved and the outcome of the campaign was settled. As far as Russia was concerned, the war was lost that fateful day when for the first time the stature of Hindenburg revealed itself to the world.

This, however, was but the beginning. The old warrior had other momentous decisions to make during the years that followed. The most important was made when circum-

Globe photo

he Reichswehr. With him are his son
nd Lieut. General Kurt von Schleicher.

stances compelled him to tell William II that the only course left open to him was either to shoot himself or seek a refuge in Holland. It was a terrible thing to have to tell to his sovereign, who was never to forgive it, but Hindenburg knew what he was doing, knew that everything was lost, yet hoped that the grandson of that old emperor who in the course of his long life had witnessed both the disaster of Jena and the triumph of Sedan would have the courage to realize that at least honor ought to be saved, and would put a bullet through his brain.

It was not to be. William, a fugitive from his native land, crossed the Dutch frontier, and Hindenburg had to assume the task of leading back a beaten army to its stricken fatherland. It was certainly a hard thing to do, but the old marshal did it, although with a broken heart, and in so doing he prevented what everybody now is agreed in saying would have happened: the disintegration and collapse of the entire country over which the Hohenzollerns had ruled.

A thankless piece of work, and no one thanked him for performing it. The reward was to come later, on the day when with unanimous approval he was asked to become President of the new German Republic that had taken the place of that empire he had served so faithfully for so many years.

A new chapter in Hindenburg's life had begun, a chapter which is still incomplete. The very fact that he stands at the head of the German nation is a guaranty of European peace. The venerable field marshal knows well, if others don't, what another war would mean to the world, and he certainly would refuse to assume the responsibility for a struggle of which the result would inevitably be universal revolution.

He has never been a diplomat, yet his at times gruff common sense has proved his best weapon. The respect which he inspires is so general and so deep that it has enabled him to take command of a situation so entangled that a less determined man would have thrown up his hands. With wonderful patience he looked around him for the means, not to maintain himself in power but to maintain the power of his native Germany. His conduct all through the trying years during which there must have been many discouraging hours has been a marvel of tact, discretion, and at times self-sacrifice. He has put his own personality entirely aside, has called to his help the people he thought he could rely on, and has supported his ministers in the most loyal manner possible, which was by no means an easy thing to do.

OF course he could not prevent the spread either of fascism, represented by Hitler and the latter's followers, or communism, but he could render them more or less inoffensive; upon all these discontented people he could impose his will. For one of the marshal's characteristics is an iron will, tempered with much softness of language and the most exquisite politeness. One has never heard him raise his voice or say anything sharp to a subordinate or a follower. But at the same time he has impressed the whole of Germany with the fact that when he says something he always means it.

His loyalty as a soldier has made him the best guardian the Weimar Constitution has ever had or will have. It is a guaranty of his refusing to lend himself to a restoration of the Hohenzollerns as reigning monarchs—a refusal which has gone a long way to put an end to conspiracies having that for their object. He has no sympathy for royal pretenders, though he is full of courtesy for any deposed royalty claiming his help.

A curious thing about Hindenburg, and one which has never been noticed abroad, is that his policies since he became the President of the German Republic have been always conducted upon military, or rather strategical, lines. By his silence, his indifference to praise as well as to blame, the consistent way in which he has simply remained at his place, he has shown the same calm, the same knowledge of situation, time, and place as he did when he started the drive which was to engulf the Czar's best army in the swamps of East Prussia. He has, so to say, worn out his adversaries by refusing to argue with them.

When he made out of a mere colonel, von Papen, his Chancellor, it was principally because he knew he could rely on him to execute the soldierly policy that he himself had followed all through the years he had been the

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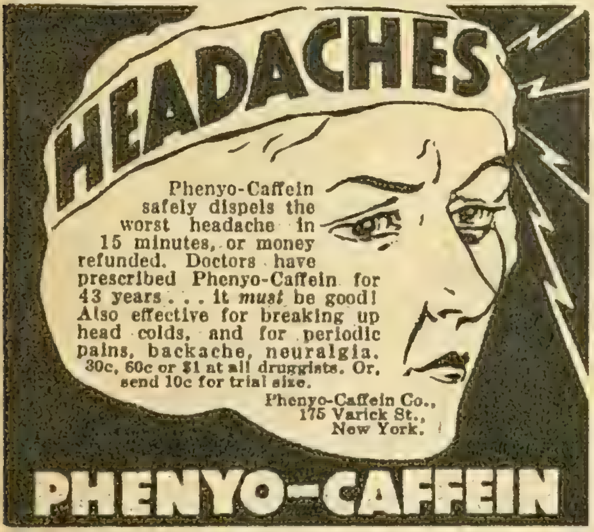

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chief executive in Germany; a policy the real aim of which was to maintain order, to do away with royal pretenders and with soap-box speakers and politicians. It was in a certain sense the same policy as that of Bismarck, but imposed with less bitterness and animosity, and it has been successful to a certain extent, for his tactics of wearing out his opponents resulted in the dropping off of the Nazi vote in the most recent election. Hitler lost his chance by his refusal to coöperate when President von Hindenburg gave him an opportunity of doing it.

PRINCESS RADZIWILL
the author of this article, is Polish by birth. She married Prince Adam Radziwill and spent years in Berlin, where for a time she was secretary to the German empress. She now lives in New York, lecturing and writing, with a number of books to her credit.

A friend of mine who knows the marshal well wrote me that after the latter's reëlection last spring he went to congratulate him. Hindenburg asked him point-blank what he imagined was an occasion for congratulations. Certainly not the fact that he had been asked for the second time to continue in a position which was nothing but responsibility mingled with a great deal of annoyance! Surprised at this reply, my friend proffered another question. If the marshal looked at things in that way, why did he accept it? It was Hindenburg's turn to be astonished. "How could I refuse to do anything the German people asked me to?" he replied. And these words give an excellent clue to the character of a man who has always considered himself the servant of his country.

Apart from that, he knows how to keep his feelings and opinions to himself, and he rarely indulges in discussions which to him appear only as loss of time. The disruption of the German army must have been a terrible blow to him, but he has given no sign he would ever try to reconstitute this army otherwise than by lawful means. And—significant to those who knew the German Empire in the days of Bismarck and the old Kaiser—he wears mufti as much as he does uniform.

One of Hindenburg's assets, as well as handicaps, is his age. He never was an adventurer, and at eighty-five one hardly risks anything rash. On the other hand, one finds that age in one's way many a time, and I imagine this has happened to the marshal, because but for it he would not have been accused, as has happened more than once, of being the tool of the circles to which he belonged by reason of his birth. He is not the man capable of becoming the tool of anybody. He is not only neutral but above party strifes, a fact which sometimes adds to his strength. In Germany he has become an institution as well as its most outstanding personality. Whatever he does will be, if not approved, at least respected. He is like an old tree no ax could ever touch because it is associated with so many memories.

FOR all these reasons it is not likely that so long as Hindenburg remains its President, Germany will commit itself to anything rash. The Reichstag may be dissolved time after time; one party may get, or may not, the larger amount of votes in successive elections—things won't be changed for that. Hindenburg will still be there, whoever else may have to go. His cold, clear reason will still be the one dominant factor in German politics.

No one will ever dare to put him out or ask him to retire, if only because everybody, or almost everybody, knows that but for him things might be ever so much worse in Germany than is actually the case.

And as for him, he will never resign so long as he thinks himself useful to his country.

The real trouble that country will have to fight will begin on the day when Hindenburg will close his weary eyes, those eyes which have seen so much, watched so much, and over which he has succeeded in throwing a veil.

THE END

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Sensitive Food

AFTER Junior had eaten a hearty meal, grandma took him on her lap, her arms around him, hands clasped over his stomach.

Presently he became restless and said:

"Please, grandma, let me down. You are hurting my food."—Luella A. Hughes, 1426 Pembroke Street, Victoria, B. C.

Bothersome Bees

BARBARA rushed into the house crying that she had almost been stung by a bee.

"Don't bother the bees," said her mother, "and they will not sting you."

"But, mother," came the indignant reply, "I wasn't bothering them; they were bothering me!"—George D. Bolan, 319 N. Clinton Street, Dallas, Tex.

TO THE LADIES!

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 4 minutes 5 seconds.)

"MAKING love to a microphone," says Eugénie Leontovitch, "feels a lot more lifelike than aiming your ardors across the footlights at a man in the last row of a theater audience. The deepest words of love are spoken in a whisper. On the stage you must speak them loudly enough to be heard by that man in the last row. In the talkies you can really whisper. The sound machine catches the softest breath of a sigh."

Eugénie Leontovitch played the part of the Russian dancer in the stage version of Grand Hotel—the part that Greta Garbo played later on the screen.

Miss Leontovitch has been hailed by drama critics as a remarkable artist. I was impressed by a viewpoint she put forward when I talked with her recently.

She wishes California didn't have such a sunny climate. It hurts her to see the out-of-work extras being miserable in perfect weather.

"When you are sad you need dark skies," she said. "You need clouds. It must be terrible, out there in Hollywood, to break your heart in the bright sunshine."

Eugénie Leontovitch

I HAVE been looking back—the way we do when Christmas comes around—at my recollections of bygone Christmas times. In such a vagabond family as mine Christmas is spent not infrequently among unsuitable scenes and circumstances. One member of my family crossed the equator on a Christmas Day. The jolly tar who impersonated old King Neptune that morning in the crossing-the-line ceremony appeared that evening in the rôle of Santa Claus—and the same false whiskers made him up for both parts.

Another relative had a Christmas in Turkey. He spent quite a recent Yuletide in a little Turkish town where all the Christians—there weren't many—feasted merrily on lukewarm beer and soup-platefuls of caviar.

Christmas is ideal only when you are home. Yet those meager Christmas parties scraped together with great difficulty when you are far away—they can take on a gayety of their own. Let me tell you how we "trimmed the tree" in Russia one Christmas during the Revolution:

Two Americans had promised to bring us a can of corned-beef hash on Christmas Day. It was to be a *real* Christmas party with a real Christmas tree. The woods were full of trees. We got one. But in that strife-torn, frightened country there was nothing as light-hearted as Christmas-tree trimmings. We had to improvise.

With scraps of lace from an old dress we bedecked our tree; with a metal belt, with the tinfoil from a bar of chocolate, with a candle cut into four pieces. In a rag bag one bright sparkling rhinestone button was found for the topmost twig of our tree.

We worked so hard, laughed so gayly! Pity ourselves? Not a bit—not until our American friends failed to show up with the hash at dinner time. We waited and waited. Hope languished at last—and that was tragic, I assure you. But there stood our tree. We lighted the four stumps of candles and began to sing Christmas hymns under our breath. (Christmas songs were forbidden by the new Soviet law.)

There came a knock. The police? Trembling we opened the door—and in marched our belated Americans *with the hash.* On went the party. A merry Christmas it was, after all.

EVERYBODY'S putting in a fireplace. Most of us apartment-house dwellers have a stick-on-the-wall fireplace and electric logs. Like all shams, the result is far from satisfactory; but the desire behind this growing vogue seems to me to be quite significant, and hopeful perhaps.

The hearth, since time immemorial, has been the center of the home—the essential root of the home. Are we groping back toward that essential? I believe we are.

A YOUNG New Yorker gave a cocktail party, and he had a little dog, and the little dog lapped up a cocktail—and liked it! Little dog tried another of the same. Before long little dog slunk off to be violently indisposed. Little dog very unhappy all night.

And now—I cross my heart this is the truth—that little dog runs and hides under the bed at the merest mention of the word "cocktail." Never again for him!

Moral: Dogs and men are different.

TO be ultra-smart these evenings you must turn yourself out as a half angel. Wear *one wing*—a coq-feather wing—drooping over your left shoulder. That's the latest. Very chic. Most *unangelically* intriguing.

WELL worth reading is Paul De Kruif's Men Against Death. An heroic saga of modern medicine. (Harcourt, Brace.)

By

EX-LEGIONNAIRE 1384

Hell Hounds!

In collaboration with

W. J. BLACKLEDGE

Pictures by CHARLES DE FEO

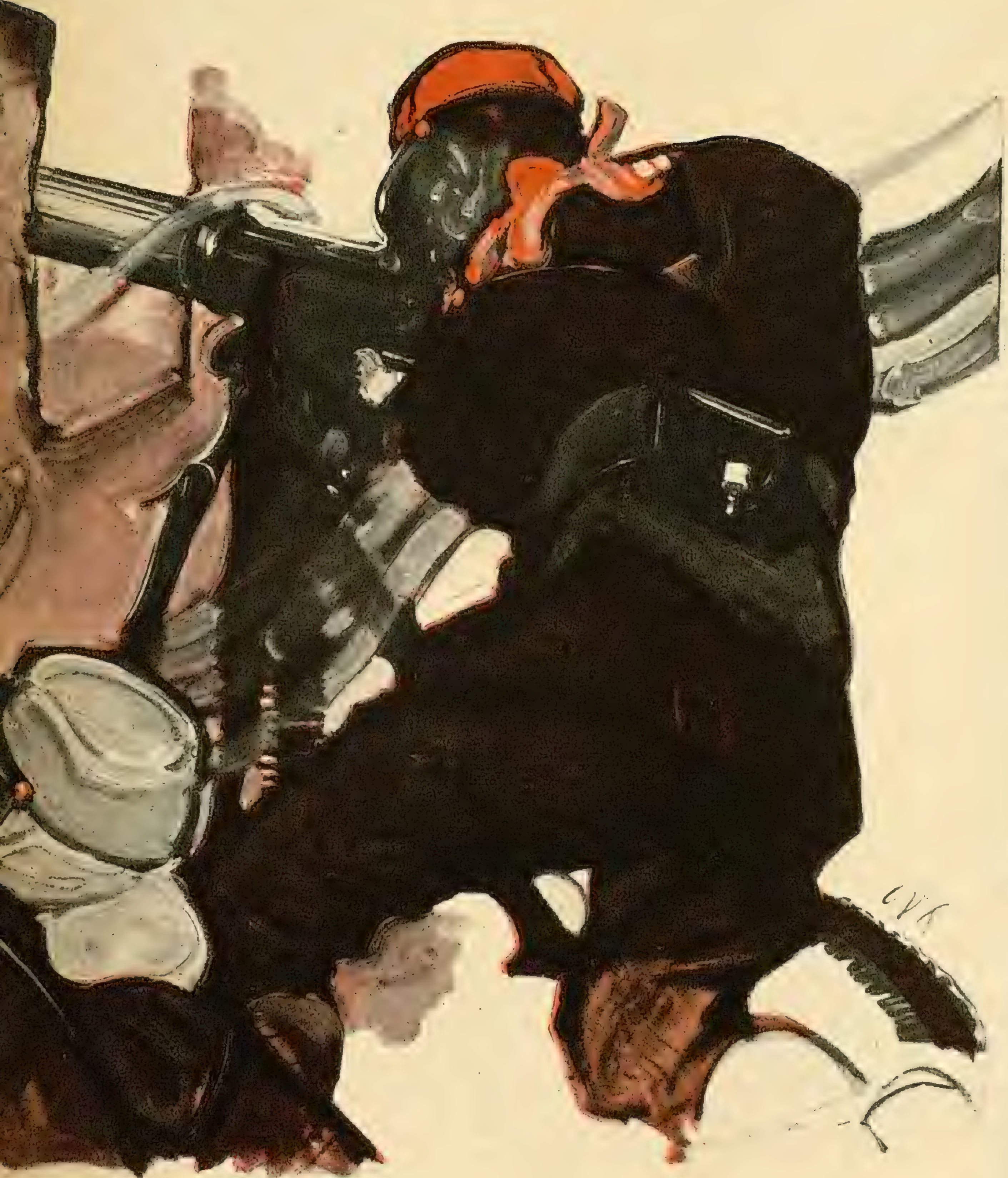
(Reading time: 30 minutes 5 seconds.)

THE former Legionnaire began in last week's installment his chronicle of the weird and dreadful episode of the "lost garrison" of Ammasine. His outfit, the Fifth Squadron, had been ordered to that lonely fort in Morocco to relieve the Legion infantry who were holding it. When they arrived they met with no welcome and could find no sign of life; the fort was in good order, but the garrison appeared to have deserted it.

Legionnaire 1384 volunteered to solve the mystery. With his American sidekick, McCann, he searched every nook and corner until, in the magazine room, under a stack of ammunition cases, they discovered steps leading down into the earth—and a freshly dug tunnel with its mouth outside the fort, and with a pool of death filled with the corpses of the surprised and slaughtered garrison. Outside, beyond a ridge, a great army of Abd-el-Krim's rebel Riffs lay hidden, waiting to repeat the deadly maneuver at the expense of the newcomers. The squadron's "skipper," Captain Dupont, posted a guard including the two discoverers at the tunnel's mouth with a telephone and machine guns. It was not until the second night, toward midnight, that they espied parties of the Riffs advancing stealthily, all unaware of the hot reception that awaited them.

In previous installments Ex-Legionnaire 1384 has explained that his name, Barrington, McCann's name, and those of the Skipper and of Lieutenant Beaumont are fictitious, but that otherwise his story sticks to facts, many of which,

Death Trap for Death Trap—Ten Thousand Rabid Devils—"Vive La Legion!"—A Retreat through an Inferno—"The Skipper" Turns Human—McCann and Black-Eyed Marcelle



They came on, all right. Again and again we drove them back when they were within a few feet.

he says, can be confirmed by looking up his number in the Foreign Legion's records.

PART FOUR—OFF TO SYRIA

THE first group was within a few feet of the tunnel mouth when the order to fire came through. After all, it was beautifully timed. As we opened fire we could hear a faint rat-tat-tat-tat from above, which told us that Captain Dupont had done likewise. It was a surprise with a vengeance. The Riffs were completely taken aback, and before they had recovered from the shock we had demolished the first party and were pouring our deadly message into the second and third and fourth.

Shrieks and yells rent the air as the Riffs found their ingenious scheme had failed. Already their dead were lying around in heaps. But after the first shock they came on, up the slight incline of the plains.

There was a sudden burst of life in the encampment; guns were being drawn up, the massed hordes were turning out at the double. The strategy was over. It was to be open fighting. The enemy was advancing in vast numbers. Soon they were coming up faster than our machine guns could deal with them. They were throwing men away in all directions, for the Riffs never spare themselves once they get into the heat of battle. Their machine guns were in position behind their walls of dead. Bullets came spattering against the earthworks of the tunnel.

"Gee, boy! What is a hundred men to them? It's just sheer murder! Shooting 'em is like taking lollipops from a kid! Easy! D'ja ever see anything like it, Barrington? It's an honest-to-Gawd war. . . ."

AND it went on like that for upward of two hours. Grimly we mowed them down. Every one that fell meant we were avenging the ghastly deaths of our comrades. We saw the situation was changing, and we fought like men possessed of devils. They were bringing up their big guns—and we knew what that meant.

I telephoned the position. We were ordered to hold on. A shell burst somewhere overhead—then another and another. Riffian machine guns were spattering a hail of bullets about the tunnel mouth, but so far they had done nothing more than pit the walls. Our little party was intact. Then more shells came shrieking through the air. Suddenly there was a deafening report immediately above us. A shower of earth and stone came toppling all about us. It threw our little party into confusion. Men half-buried fought, struggled and cursed in their efforts to extricate themselves. Our machine guns were smothered in débris and out of action. Luckily for me, I was still at the phone, some three yards or so beyond the tunnel mouth. I reported what had happened. The entrance to the tunnel was almost blocked up.

The order came to retreat into the fort and blow up the tunnel as we went.

We made preparations, and were joined by a fatigue party just as we started to drag the kegs of blasting powder into position. We retrieved the guns and carried them back, laying the fuse as we retreated. When we were well out of range, it was lit and we let her go. Then we took to our heels, splashing through the Pool of Death, kicking up the squealing rats, laughing and shouting as if we were indulging in a Fifth-of-November party.

Suddenly there was a deafening explosion, followed by a rumbling roar along the tunnel. Some of the men were hit by falling fragments, for the shock along the tunnel was greater than we had bargained for. But there was no doubt that we had very effectively blocked the entrance. It would take the Riffs many hours to open it up again, provided they were foolish enough to try.

"Say, Barrington!" roared McCann. "Some of those sons must have got into the tunnel before the fireworks!"

"I expect they did!"

But I was thinking of the false strategy in manning the tunnel at all. It had very nearly become a death trap. It was beginning to look like a terrible blunder to me, and I fancied that by now the Skipper had come to the same conclusion. We should have blown it up as soon as we discovered it, and have concentrated our efforts on the job above.

After all, we had seen something of the size of the enemy's camp, and should have guessed they would be armed with big guns. We had had a taste of those guns on more than one occasion. What chance had an earth tunnel against a well timed and well directed shell? But, as McCann said, it was easy to be wise after the event!

When we reached the fort and reported to Captain Dupont, we found things very lively indeed. Shells were whistling through the air. We had lost a big number of men. Our wounded lay unattended, groaning and cursing. There was triumph in the yelling of the oncoming Riffs. Suddenly the big guns ceased fire. That could only mean one thing. They would make a determined rush for the fort.

"*Mon Dieu!* There must be ten thousand devils storming the walls!"

There undoubtedly were! It was touch and go for the fort and the garrison during that terrible half hour or so. There was a vast crowd of them almost on the gates, and as our machine guns vomited a hot fire into the black mass it was amazing to see how the horrible gaps filled as quickly as they were made, how the dead stumbled, slithered, rolled, and toppled down the slopes. Again and again we drove them back when they were within a few feet of the walls. Abd-el-Krim must have lost several hundred men in that insane attack.

OUR men were thinning terribly. We had lost four officers and several N. C. Os. I saw McCann tear open his tunic. His thick woolen shirt was clotted with blood. He stuffed a field pad under it, buttoned up again, and went on swinging his gun, his mouth foaming with curses the whole time.

"Stopped one, Mac?" I shouted it, not daring to look toward him again.

"Clip in the shoulder—hell of a way from being finished. Sons of ——! Come on! Come on, you big, black-faced ——!"

As if they needed any invitation! They came on, all right, yelling and screaming like fanatics the whole time. Every battle was a religious one to the intrepid Riffs! Allah came to every war of theirs. And they said so in leather-lunged yells and shrieks. They are maniacal fighters, but if they were to stop screaming during an engagement they would soon be finished! But they did not. They kept Allah by them. Fight or fall, it did not matter to them. Allah was there in either case. Hundreds passed out with his name on their lips, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves in the process! There was not much of the Western-Front science about the Riffs. In action they are just madmen, and the attack of ten thousand madmen must be faced to be appreciated.

Suddenly the firing eased up. The enemy drew off. Hundreds of them careened back over the plains like a school let loose. We ceased fire, wondering what this ruse might be. After all, they had been within an ace of taking the fort. Why this sudden and mysterious retreat?

I found McCann propped up against the wall alongside his gun. He seemed to be enjoying himself, for a number of empty *bidons* collected from his dead comrades lay at his feet, and he was roaring drunk.

"Hey, Barrington," he cried thickly, "this is a great war! The more I drink, the more I love to fight these guys."

There was a mad light in his eyes. His face was caked with sweat and dust. I wondered for a moment whether he were going *cafard.*

"Come, Mac," I said, "pull yourself together."

Evidently it was only lust of battle in his eyes. He grinned as he held a *bidon* toward me.

"Come on! Have a drink, you great big lime-juicer! I'm all right. I sure am enjoying this li'l' fight!"

I shook my head. "I'm going to get a bucket of water."

His eyes grew round in his head as he stared his amazement.

"Water! My Gawd! What for?"

"To dip my head in, of course."

"Barrington, you big son of a gun, you're sure going *cafard!*"

IT had been only a little after sunrise when we left the underground passages, and since then we had stood up to the Riffs for the better part of the day. When the lull came I was beginning to feel as if the intense heat of the sun were cracking my skull, and it was a relief to watch it disappear beyond the rim of the distant hills.

All firing had now ceased, except the occasional phut of a Riff sniper who was watching for movement about the fort walls. During that night there was no fighting, and no sleep either. What few of us were left found ourselves posted on the walls, and we took food where we stood. Down below us the enemy collected their dead. We did not disturb them, being content to wait for the dawn. And with the coming of dawn a most amazing sight met our gaze. Never have I seen such a force massed together. Without a doubt, Abd-el-Krim had started his long-threatened big push. It looked as if the whole Riff tribes had come out into the open with the fixed intention of finishing us off once and for all!

A party of horsemen came galloping into view and made toward the fort, holding a white flag aloft. Evidently the Riffs wanted a palaver. When they were within speaking range, Captain Dupont asked what they wanted.

They gave us to understand that if we would surrender we could march out of the fort with full honors of war, and they pointed significantly toward the vast hordes waiting for the word to advance.

Our commander replied without a second's hesitation:

"You and your rebel chieftain can go to hell! When you have taken that flag down you can take the fort. *Lallah!*"

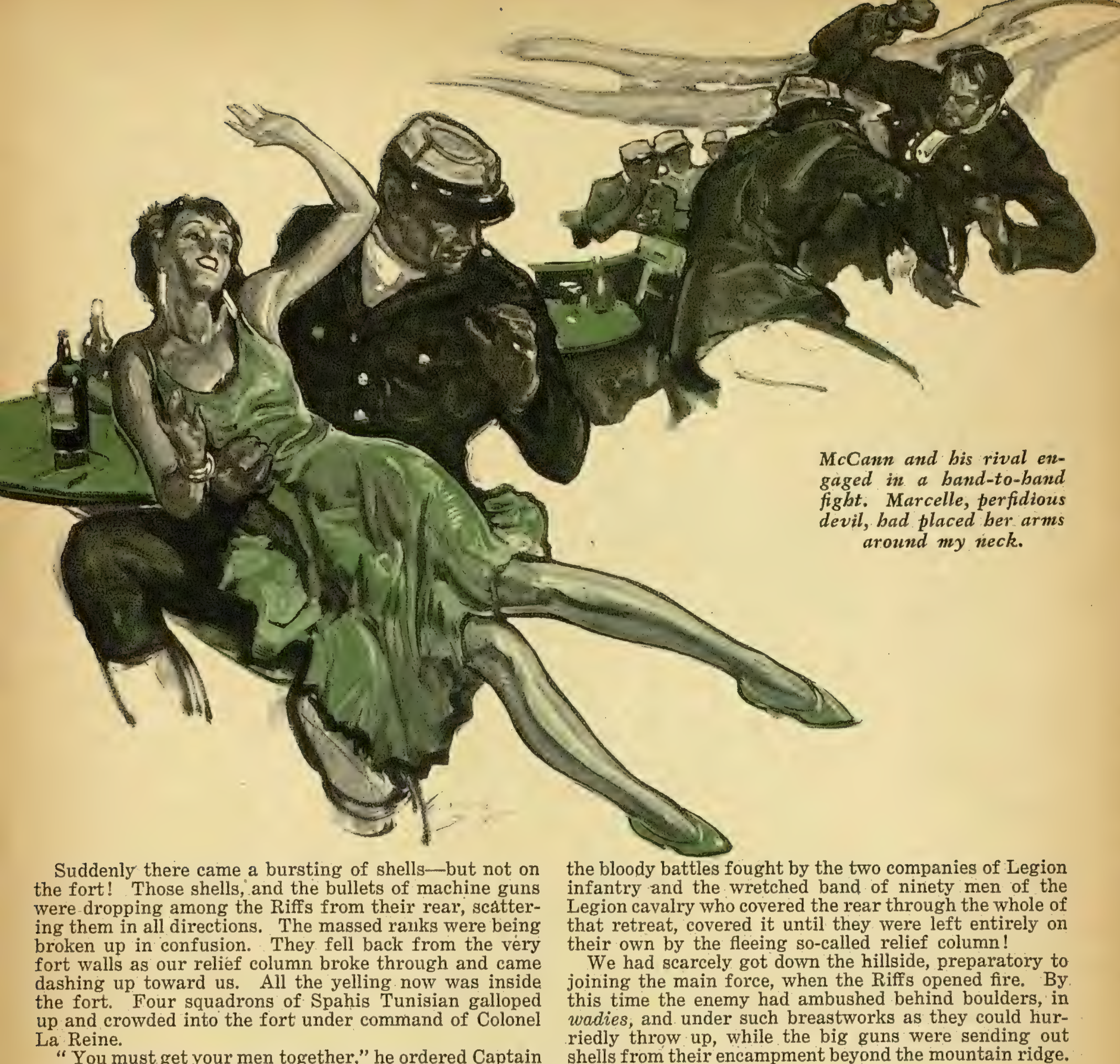
There was a roar of cheering from the small band of Legionnaires who were still on their feet .

"*Vive la Légion! Vive la Légion! Vive la Légion!*"

The same, the selfsame Legionnaires who habitually cursed the Legion, cursed the day they joined, cursed France, and all that France stood for! Truly a weird body of men, but lovely fighters!

Once more we prepared to sacrifice ourselves in a hopeless engagement. The truce party had barely got back to their column when the big advance started. The enemy came across the plains in such massed numbers that they seemed like some gigantic black wave sweeping across the land. We met them in grim earnest. The roar of Allah was upon us. On they came, and though we were mowing them down like blades of corn, we seemed to have little effect upon their massed ranks. The sea of screaming madmen rolled up, ever up, toward our last hopeless stand.

"Gosh! Barrington, did you ever see such a gol-darned mob as this? Where in hell did the old Krim *diable* pick 'em all up, boy?"



McCann and his rival engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. Marcelle, perfidious devil, had placed her arms around my neck.

Suddenly there came a bursting of shells—but not on the fort! Those shells, and the bullets of machine guns were dropping among the Riffs from their rear, scattering them in all directions. The massed ranks were being broken up in confusion. They fell back from the very fort walls as our relief column broke through and came dashing up toward us. All the yelling now was inside the fort. Four squadrons of Spahis Tunisian galloped up and crowded into the fort under command of Colonel La Reine.

"You must get your men together," he ordered Captain Dupont. "The whole Riffian forces are massing against you here. We shall have to make a running fight for it. Hurry! There is no time to hold council!"

Of the two hundred and fifty men who comprised the Fifth Squadron when we took over the empty fort at Ammasine, only ninety were standing when we left it. We collected our baggage and saddled our horses in an astonishingly short space of time. Our wounded were placed on stretchers slung between mules, and sent on ahead to join the remainder of the relief column awaiting us down on the plains.

IN that tragic retreat we had, besides the four squadrons of Spahis Tunisian numbering a thousand men, a battalion of Senegalese, two companies of the Legion infantry, and two batteries of French seventy-fives. It was the most amazing retreat I have ever seen, heard of, or read about. It will not go down in history, because nothing the Legion does is ever officially recorded. Doubtless there is something in the French records of how the Tunisian cavalry and the Senegalese and the French seventy-fives fought in that memorable retreat from Ammasine to Fez—but there will not be anything there of the charges, the hand-to-hand skirmishes, and the bloody battles fought by the two companies of Legion infantry and the wretched band of ninety men of the Legion cavalry who covered the rear through the whole of that retreat, covered it until they were left entirely on their own by the fleeing so-called relief column!

We had scarcely got down the hillside, preparatory to joining the main force, when the Riffs opened fire. By this time the enemy had ambushed behind boulders, in *wadies*, and under such breastworks as they could hurriedly throw up, while the big guns were sending out shells from their encampment beyond the mountain ridge.

WE fell in with the column, ninety battle-worn horsemen of the Legion—and were joined by the Legion infantry, to form the rear guard—a regular hell corner when the enemy is closing on a column! The sun was getting up its terrific heat, and the day looked thoroughly promising. Already the Riffs were harassing our flanks. We dared not turn back for our wounded now. God knows what happened to them!

As the day advanced so did the enemy. They amused themselves by making short rushes at us, yapping at our heels like hungry beasts thirsting for blood. Our infantry poured withering fire into them, and as they drew back our little band charged at them, cutting off the stragglers. Then, about turn, and away we would race, back to the column. In one of these insane charges I was engaged in a hand-to-hand scuffle with a huge black-bearded Riff, and before I could finish him I felt a stinging pain in the calf of my right leg. A bullet had gone right through the flesh.

We retreated in that manner for the whole of the day. Night fell. We of the cavalry went into the center of the column on account of the horses, but the Legion infantry remained at the rear, digging themselves in as best they could and keeping up their fire, backed by the seventy-fives, the whole night long. There were big losses that night. Men were falling everywhere. Some were shot while in exhausted sleep. We were still a score of miles short of Fez.

Dawn came, and with it a renewed attack. We saddled our mounts and joined the Spahis Tunisian in a mad charge to drive the Riffs back. My leg was stiff as a board and excruciatingly painful. But it was a case of stick it or fall into the hands of the Riffs.

Suddenly my horse reeled under me and fell gasping to the ground. I managed to throw myself clear, dropping safely on my uninjured leg. In the general mêlée that followed I grabbed a riderless mount, and was seated again when we got the order to retreat on the column. We left about half our own cavalry behind in that charge, some dead, others wounded—fatally, I hope. It was a case of *sauve qui peut.* Not until we were back with the column was it possible to get into proper order.

Our ranks were sadly depleted. Captain Dupont had a nasty scalp wound, but he was still on his mount, roaring out orders and cursing the commandant of the column for this senseless fighting in the open. To make matters worse, it was decided that the main body of the column should push on, leaving the rear guard to follow as best they could.

In other words, the rear guard, which by now comprised about fifty exhausted men of our own squadron, and about half that number of horses, and two depleted companies of Legion infantry, might go to hell! The column had had enough of us apparently. Captain Dupont, with a bandaged head that was obviously giving him intense pain, went around like a madman. The two company commandants were pretty much the same, encouraging their men with kicks and curses. My leg was so stiff and painful that I could hardly put it to the ground, though I was compelled to do so for quite long stretches, for McCann was now sharing my mount.

Thus we hobbled along for the whole of that day, fighting and retreating, fighting and retreating. At night we kept up the struggle, digging ourselves in and working like machines rather than men. The only thing that kept us going, the only thought that stimulated this superhuman endurance, was the thought of falling into the hands of the Riffs.

We arrived at Fez the following morning, ninety men all told, the bedraggled remnants of one squadron of cavalry and two companies of infantry who had fought continuously for two days against odds of about three hundred to one. As we limped into Fez we were given a great welcome—for what it was worth! Most of us went into hospital.

McCANN and I, through the blunder of an orderly, were taken into an officers' ward, and should have been promptly moved out but for the intervention of Captain Dupont, himself a patient.

"*Non!*" he roared. "If it is not too good for me, it is not too good for them. They have earned a decent bed! Let them stay! Besides, they are luck-bringers. They have as many lives as a cat."

That was one of the few occasions on which Captain Dupont displayed any human feeling at all. McCann and I were in clover. We actually stayed between clean white sheets for a week! Nothing like that had ever happened to us in the Legion before. It was heavenly. We had plenty of drinkable water, fresh fruit, and good rations. McCann grumbled, of course, because we were allowed only one pint of wine per day.

When we were reported fit and sent back to the Fifth Squadron—the Skipper had gone before us—we found big changes. It was now at full strength, and we scarcely knew half a dozen of the men. Most of the old crowd had either passed out or were in hospital. I fancy our commander was glad to see us back among all those new faces.

"Ho, ho! You crazy bandits! Back for more murder, yes?"

"*Non, mon capitaine,*" answered McCann. "Back for more liquor!"

"Well, here are twenty francs. Drink at my expense. But don't get drunk, you *sales cochons!*"

As we were leaving he called us back again.

"Barrington! You will take up your old position with me."

"*Merci, mon capitaine.*"

"*Lallah! Lallah! Lallah!*"

And we did! At top speed!

Feeling like new men, clean, spruce, fit, and rigged out with fresh uniforms, we went through the town looking for the dirtiest place we could find—which was the Pit. We had money, and we had heard good news which we intended to celebrate. The squadron was moving into Meknez next day for three weeks' stay, and it was rumored that we should there join reënforcements for the Syrian front.

When we reached the Pit that night we found our comrades full of the news. They were arguing that if large numbers of the Legion were mustering at Meknez, it could only be for the purpose of leaving Morocco for Syria. The general feeling seemed to be that such a transfer would be something in the nature of a picnic. How little we knew!

Things were very lively in the Pit that night. A fresh bunch of girls had been imported—from heaven knows where—and there was keen competition among the assembled Legionnaires for some of them. One in particular, a black-eyed, impudent witch who rejoiced in the name of Marcelle, was causing several heads to swim.

"Gee, boy! Can you beat this little girl?"

SHE was seated on McCann's knee, and the American was getting some nasty looks. He was also becoming well primed with liquor, so he did not care if it rained. His competitors were men of the Fifth Squadron too; but we did not know them very well as yet. One of them called out something in dirty French to Mac. He promptly picked up his glass and threw it at the offender, smashing it to splinters on the fellow's head.

Then the fun began. McCann literally threw the girl into my lap as his rival lunged forward, knife in hand. In another moment the two were engaged in a hand-to-hand fight in the center of the floor. McCann had the advantage of the longer reach. Already he had scraped the other's cheek, causing the blood to flow. Meanwhile we remained seated at our tables and watched. Marcelle, perfidious devil, had placed her arms round my neck and was gently rubbing her soft cheek against mine.

"You come with me, *mon légionnaire*, yes? I show you . . ."

She got down and began tugging at my tunic. The fight was now working up to fever heat, though it was clear that McCann was having it all his own way. It would be a lark, I thought, if he won the bout only to find that his own pal had gone off with his light-o'-love! The idea tickled me immensely, and off we went.

The girl took my hand, conducting me along what seemed like endless dark passages far from the noise and smell of the Pit. Presently we entered a small room. The place was quite sumptuously furnished. There was a broad divan covered with gayly colored cushions. It looked inviting and comfortable. We sat down. Marcelle held out her hand, and I covered it with francs—my sign of good faith.

We lounged luxuriously on the softly yielding cushions, and began to talk. This little girl of France was mightily interesting. Admittedly she was but one of many such women who occupy the leisure hours of the Legion. Yet she was different from the general crowd. She had a wonderful command of languages. Her English was unusually good for one in such surroundings. She had left Paris with a dancing troupe for Algiers.

"But there was so little money to send home, *mon légionnaire*, and there were always the men. So I came to Fez, where there are thousands of francs to be made."

"But—d'you mean you wanted to come to Fez?"

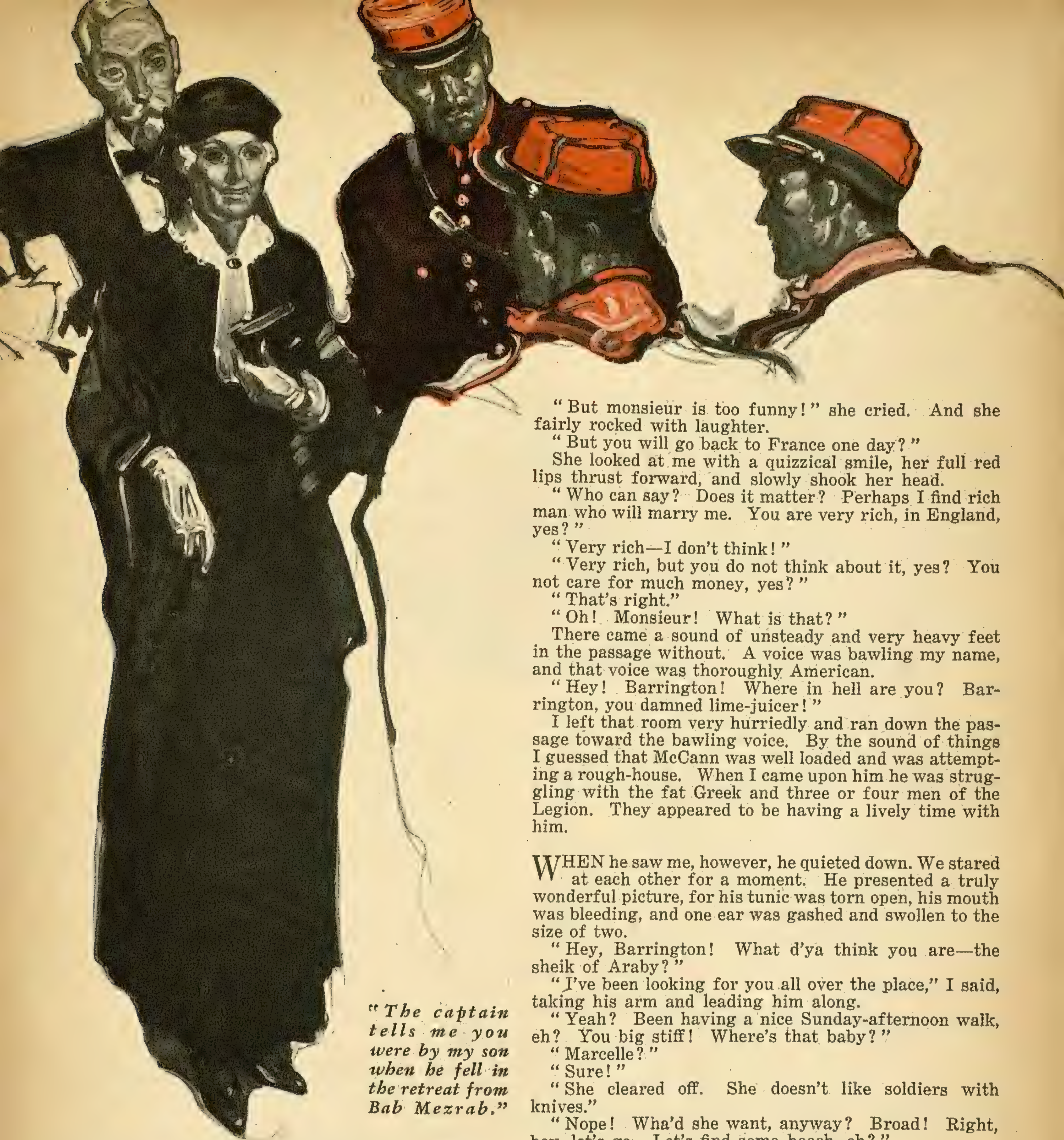
She raised her blackened eyebrows in astonishment.

"But of course, *mon légionnaire!* There is much money here."

"They would not let you return to France?"

"They?"

"The men who brought you out to Africa."



"The captain tells me you were by my son when he fell in the retreat from Bab Mezrab."

"But yes. I could go back to Paris, to Le Mans—but I did not wish."

"Why not?"

"Ah, *mon légionnaire,* my mother and father are so old. They have little money, and there are many brothers and sisters. It was terrible—terrible. My father go to work when he cannot walk. And for me, it was always the dancing—dancing, dancing, dancing. Very hard work and so little money. Here in Fez I get much money, and I can send it to my people. They are happy now."

"Do they know?"

"Know?"

"Yes. About—this?"

"*Non! Non! Non!* But how could they? They think I am dancing, dancing all the time."

"And do you like this?"

She laughed, shaking the cushions.

"But monsieur is too funny!" she cried. And she fairly rocked with laughter.

"But you will go back to France one day?"

She looked at me with a quizzical smile, her full red lips thrust forward, and slowly shook her head.

"Who can say? Does it matter? Perhaps I find rich man who will marry me. You are very rich, in England, yes?"

"Very rich—I don't think!"

"Very rich, but you do not think about it, yes? You not care for much money, yes?"

"That's right."

"Oh! Monsieur! What is that?"

There came a sound of unsteady and very heavy feet in the passage without. A voice was bawling my name, and that voice was thoroughly American.

"Hey! Barrington! Where in hell are you? Barrington, you damned lime-juicer!"

I left that room very hurriedly and ran down the passage toward the bawling voice. By the sound of things I guessed that McCann was well loaded and was attempting a rough-house. When I came upon him he was struggling with the fat Greek and three or four men of the Legion. They appeared to be having a lively time with him.

WHEN he saw me, however, he quieted down. We stared at each other for a moment. He presented a truly wonderful picture, for his tunic was torn open, his mouth was bleeding, and one ear was gashed and swollen to the size of two.

"Hey, Barrington! What d'ya think you are—the sheik of Araby?"

"I've been looking for you all over the place," I said, taking his arm and leading him along.

"Yeah? Been having a nice Sunday-afternoon walk, eh? You big stiff! Where's that baby?"

"Marcelle?"

"Sure!"

"She cleared off. She doesn't like soldiers with knives."

"Nope! Wha'd she want, anyway? Broad! Right, boy, let's go. Let's find some hooch, eh?"

"Just one, and then back to barracks."

"Sure! Back to barracks like good little soldiers. But that baby, Marcelle—nice little cup o' tea, huh?"

But I don't think McCann ever really forgave me for that night's work. In spite of the load he took home he appeared to have a lot of the details quite correct next morning.

"I guess you're a two-timer, Barrington."

"I told you, Mac. All the United States wouldn't have held her back to watch that grisly fight of yours."

"I left her on your knee, you gol-darned lime-juicer!"

"She slipped off."

"And so did you!"

"Isn't it a bit futile, Mac, this argument? You never know what we'll find in Meknez."

"No, boy, and it won't be parked in *your* arms, I guess!"

We were in the horse lines, grooming, when this illuminating conversation was going on. I was bending to the job when I became conscious of an approaching shadow. I looked up. It was Captain Dupont, and with him were two strangers, two elderly people, a man and a woman, respectable, well dressed, entirely out of place just there. I stood at attention, staring. This white-haired couple, obviously well-to-do, were French.

"Barrington," said Captain Dupont, looking me straight in the eye as if he were warning me, "Madame and Monsieur Beaumont! They have journeyed from France to speak of their son, Lieutenant Beaumont, who died so gallantly."

I turned to the old couple and saluted smartly, then waited. McCann stood by, also waiting.

"You are English, Legionnaire Barrington?"

"*Mais oui, madame.*"

"And you, Legionnaire Mek—Mekkan?"

"American, madame."

"The captain tells me you were by my son, Lieutenant Beaumont, when he fell in the retreat from Bab Mezrab. Tell me—"

It was one of the worst experiences that McCann and I encountered during the whole of our time in the Legion. There was the little, silver-haired old lady, calm but terribly pathetic, and her husband, a tall, well set-up old fellow with iron-gray hair and trim beard, spruce, speckless, and obviously at the mercy of the determined little woman. Apparently she had dragged him all that way from Brittany to Fez merely to hear at first hand the details of the bravery of her gallant son who had died fighting after so short a service. Before she had got halfway through with her fire of questions, McCann and I were perspiring freely. Captain Dupont stood aside, watching us, listening. A slip on the part of either of us, and we should have a dose of cells as soon as the old couple had departed.

Luckily for us, we passed through the ordeal with flying colors. The old couple were intensely grateful, immensely relieved to hear our version of the story. They bowed, thanking us with tears in their eyes, and went.

"Aren't we a pair of prize liars, Mac?" I remarked when they had got out of earshot.

"D'ja ever see anything like it in your life, boy? But, say! Has somebody been talking? D'ya think the li'l' old dame had some idea of the truth?"

"Well, there might be something in that, Mac. Otherwise, why come out all this way, and to a God-forsaken place like Fez, merely to hear how their son died?"

"Sure, boy. Some bum's spilled a bibful, and they've got wind of it."

"Dirty swine, whoever he was!"

"You've said it! The —— ought to be—" And McCann said what he thought should be done with such a person.

AT all events, the strange episode had tried us both so thoroughly that we quite forgot our differences of the previous evening and were good and regular fellers once more. In the afternoon of that same day we moved out of Fez to join a big column at Meknez.

Moving with a column was always a popular event with the boys of the Legion, not so much because of the big muster and the varied life of such a large body of men on the march as because of the women.

It should be stated, as descriptive of the life in those regions, that a properly organized party of women always traveled with a column on the march, and they formed a definite quarter of the camp known as the *maison de tolérance.*

It was the existence of this quarter of the camp that got four of us out of a very tight corner during our second week in Meknez. McCann and I had become acquainted with two other Legionnaires named Cheyes and Scora, both of whom spoke very decent English. Cheyes had been a Belgian banker until he succumbed to a temptation to mix his master's money with his own. Scora was an ex-officer of the Italian army. In a passionate encounter with his wife's lover he had committed murder. Otherwise he was a very decent fellow, stanch, dependable, ready for any sort of lark or adventure.

One night the four of us decided to raid the supply hut and taste the good things of life for once. We each had a sack and worked by shaded matchlight. We should have been all right had not McCann and Cheyes found the good Martinique rum. It was raw stuff, and the pair of them had a rather liberal dose. In finding our way out with the loaded sacks on our backs, McCann stumbled over a case and knocked up against Scora, who was carrying a light. The result was that Scora dropped his light on some straw and other packing material, and in a flash the stuff was blazing furiously. We made a feeble attempt to stamp it out, but already the alarm had been given, and there was nothing for it but to slip out in the general confusion.

No sooner had we got clear of the place than it became a mass of flames shooting skyward. The whole camp was roused. Whistles were blowing, officers were cursing and shouting, horses were stampeding, and men were racing along with buckets of water. As McCann expressed it, hell broke loose.

WE dumped our precious sacks as quickly as we could, and ran toward our own lines. Captain Dupont was bawling our names and cursing us for sons of dogs and pigs. When he saw us he began to use his boot in real earnest, asking us where we had been.

McCann, with a genius for that sort of thing, rose to the occasion marvelously. He informed the Skipper that when we had heard the commotion we had been at the *maison de tolérance!* And we had returned to our own quarters at the double. Fortunately for us, Captain Dupont accepted the explanation.

We were at once dispatched to join the fire fighters. And what a sight it was! The fire was well under by now, but there was such a crowd of troops round the place, such confusion and turmoil, that looting seemed to be the order of the day.

There was a regular raid on the officers' rations, and the officers had a pretty shrewd idea as to what was happening, but since the whole camp was thoroughly out of hand they could do nothing but curse and gnash their teeth.

For days afterward we ate real white bread plentifully smeared with butter—stuff we had not tasted for years! And as for the liquor that was lost, men stood on parade roaring drunk for the next few days, McCann not the least of these!

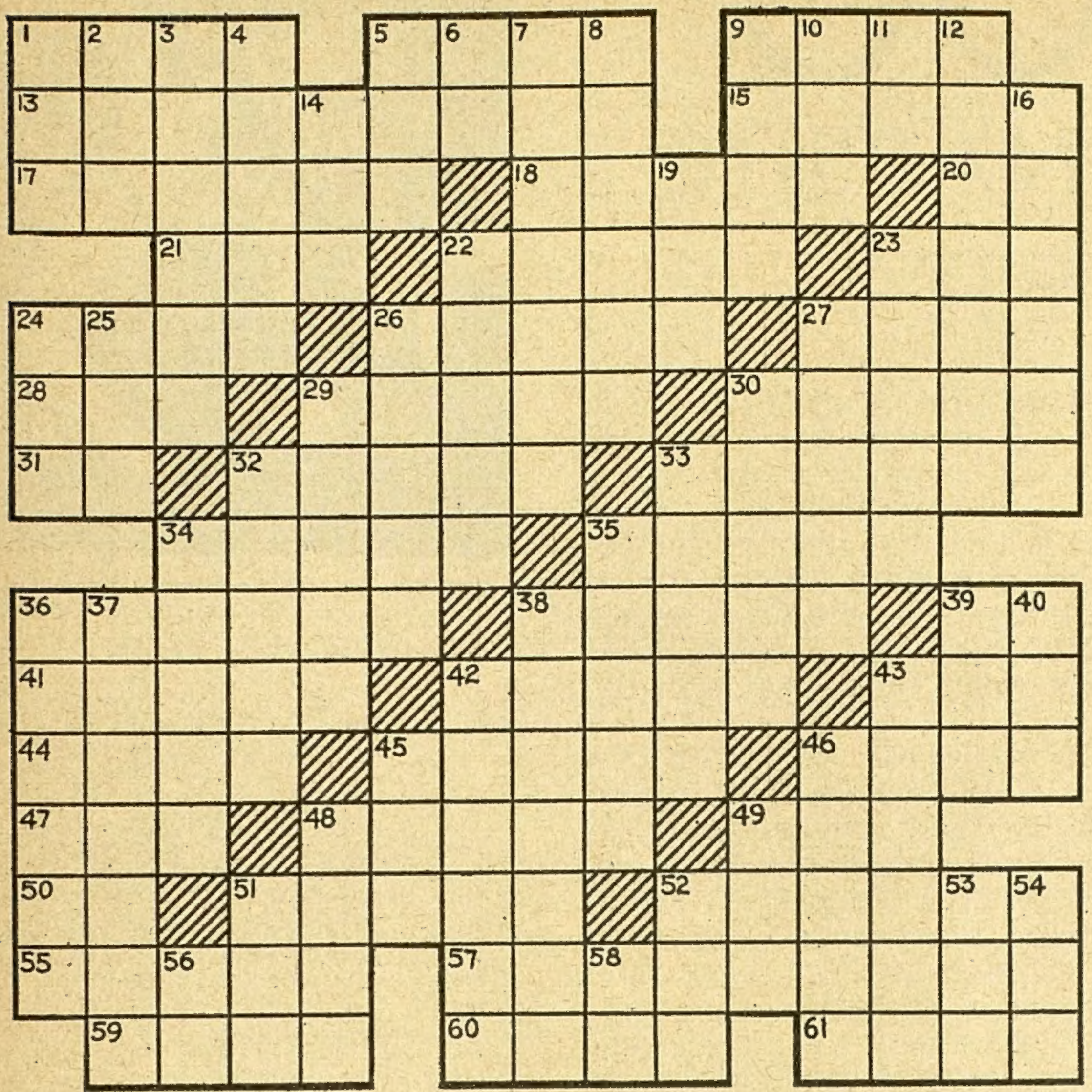
Had the origin of that fire ever been discovered, four English-speaking Legionnaires would have been given a couple of years in chains. We later came to wish that we had been found out, for years in chains could not have been worse than years on the Syrian front!

We went on that happy sea voyage totally unaware of the fact that we should be just in time for the revolution in Syria. We thought we knew all about native barbarities and cruelties. We had yet to meet the Jebel Druses, perhaps the most ancient and certainly the most ferocious race on earth.

In next week's installment you see Legionnaire 1384 and his American sidekick fall afoul of these Druses and get a taste of their ferocity as the Fifth Squadron cuts its way into Damascus. You watch a most desperate battle within the walls of that city, near the Street Called Straight. A Legionnaire disappears; he is discovered hideously mutilated by women of the Druses, and you see how his comrades take vengeance. As comic relief, you witness the frenzy of McCann when he falls for a buxom barmaid and she two-times him. Then the squadron goes to Mesme, where it finds itself in peril—and where 1384 has his first glimpse of a certain veiled princess.

CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE

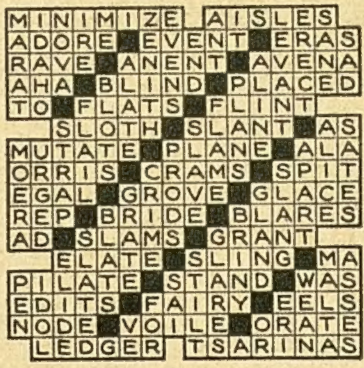


HORIZONTAL

1 A hollow-horned ruminant
5 Market
9 Rave
13 Wasted by starving
15 Habituate
17 A sally
18 Cast out
20 City in ancient Babylonia
21 Even
22 Aspect of planets 120 degrees apart
23 An Indian of Tierra del Fuego
24 A fish
26 Puts to bodily anguish
27 Terminates
28 Skill
29 Carry
30 Series of steps over a fence
31 Part of to be
32 To hurl
33 Small light boats
34 Not full
35 Holy book of the Mohammedans
36 Obliquely
38 Bandages
39 An exclamation
41 Small particle of ignited matter
42 Apportions
43 Impair
44 An elongate fresh-water fish
45 Rasps
46 To liquefy by heat
47 Anger
48 North American rail (plural)
49 Confronted
50 Calcium (abbr.)
51 Measure used to express fineness of gold
52 Buccaneer
55 Device for inducing discharge
57 Dynamo
59 Assistant
60 State of bliss
61 Learn (obs.)

VERTICAL

1 Aëriform fluid
2 One of a tribe of Siouan Indians
3 Seizure
4 Carries
5 Her
6 Arboreal animal of South America
7 Looking askance
8 Moving forward gradually
9 To go up
10 An insect
11 Letter of the Greek alphabet
12 Cause to revolve
14 Fastening device
16 Expunges
19 Being, in the most abstract sense
22 Corrupt
23 Edible bulb of a plant of the lily family
24 Sound made by a goat
25 Power; might
26 Stamp or impress with characters
27 Vessels for heating liquids
29 Void
30 A variety of chalcedony (plural)
32 Frighten
33 Fruits of pine trees
34 Quench
35 Hawks
36 Savory meat jellies
37 Genus of rosaceous shrubs
38 Delayed
39 Possesses
40 Metal, especially its natural form
42 An illusion
43 To deviate suddenly from type
45 By reason that
46 Wild
48 Well balanced
49 Russian village community
51 A fish
52 A sty
53 A high, pointed hill
54 Sooner than
56 Note of the scale
58 The symbol of an element



MINIMIZE AISLES
ADORE■EVENT■ERAS
RAVE■ANENT■AVENA
AHA■BLIND■PLACED
TO■FLATS■FLINT
SLOTH■SLANT■AS
MUTATE■PLANE■ALA
ORRIS■CRAMS■SPIT
EGAL■GROVE■GLACE
REP■BRIDE■BLARES
AD■SLAMS■GRANT
ELATE■SLING■MA
PILATE■STAND■WAS
EDITS■FAIRY■EELS
NODE■VOILE■ORATE
LEDGER TSARINAS

Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 29

1—Rudolph Block.
2—Edward Lear.
3—The petrel, from its appearance of walking on water.
4—They are all Prime Ministers.
5—In the year 1096.
6—Between the fifth and fifteenth centuries.
7—No; it is the name given to a stone, shell, or gem carved in relief.
8—In Artois (formerly Artesium), France, from which they get their name.
9—Il Trovatore.
10—Lethe.
11—Engineer of the Suez Canal, who later essayed to build the Panama Canal.
12—That there must be the unities of time, place, and action.
13—Suva.
14—Supporters of King Charles I of England.
15—Off the coast of French Guiana.
16—Mercury.
17—The platter from which it was supposed Christ ate the Last Supper.
18—Fool's gold.
19—A misogynist is a woman hater; a misogamist, a marriage hater.
20—Thirty-two.

The Answer to the Aspirin Question

(question on page 29)

Aspirin tablets are only slightly soluble in water; they *disintegrate* or break up into minute particles. Squibb Aspirin disintegrates quickly when dropped in water or swallowed whole, thus insuring prompt effectiveness. Therefore—

PURE
EFFECTIVE
SAFE
SQUIBB ASPIRIN
SQUIBB ASPIRIN
E.R. SQUIBB & SONS, NEW YORK

Say "SQUIBB ASPIRIN, *Please!*"

First Week's Winners!

$5,000 HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

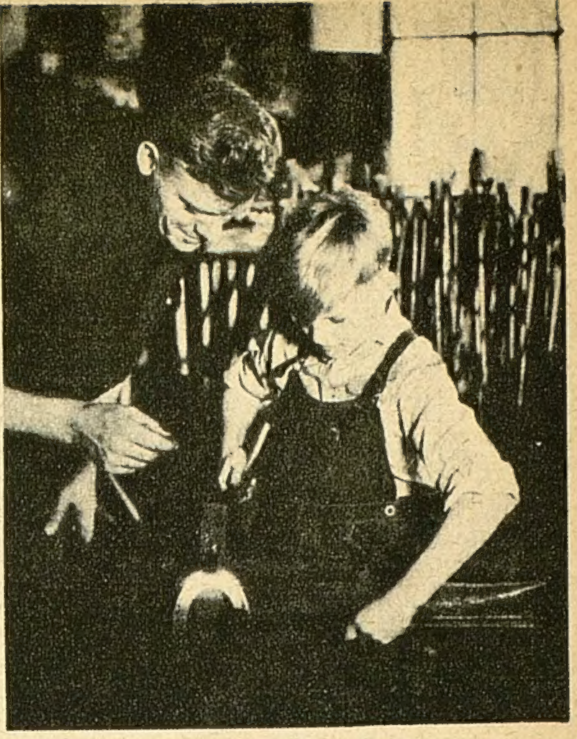
IF you entered the first week's Home-Life Snapshot Contest, probably the first thing you read on this page was the list of prize winners at the right. Hence it will be unnecessary to direct your attention to this announcement. But if you neglected to enter, it might be well to get busy right now and send your entry for the current week's contest so that when its winners are announced you may be among them. After all, you can't get into the prize money unless you compete. That's how the fifty-one Liberty readers listed at the right cashed in! Your own chance to do the same in the current contest is excellent!

Any amateur can take prize-winning snapshots. Space on this page permits reproduction of but two of the first week's winners. But they will give you the idea. Next week we hope to print more. It is not even necessary to own a camera. Borrow one if you wish. In the eyes of the judges the product of the simplest, cheapest box camera will have equal weight with the product of more costly equipment, for this is not a photographers' contest. It is a home-life snapshot contest. Human interest is the leading requirement, not quality of photography. The beginner has as much chance as the expert.

While the contests continue you can win $100, or $10, or $5 each week. And at the close of the tenth week you can win one of the five Grand Prizes of $200 each. The rules tell how. Read them carefully.

Be sure to enter this week's competition. It closes Tuesday, January 3.

A $10 PRIZE WINNER
by Mrs. Cynthia German, Portland, Ore.



NOV. 19 PRIZE WINNERS

$100 FIRST PRIZE

(Above)

Joseph Baldorff
Cincinnati, Ohio

TEN $10 PRIZES

Roy J. Chivens, Cameron, Mo.; Mrs. Inez B. Kelso, Boulder, Colo.; W. E. Crabtree, Silverton, Ore.; Mrs. Cynthia German, Portland, Ore.; Frank R. Sheffroth, Rye Beach, N. H.; H. F. Weaner, Evansville, Ind.; J. H. Morgan, Meridian, Miss.; Lorne McDiarmaid, Edmonton, Alta.; C. A. Clinton, Chattanooga, Tenn.; A. B. Mons, Abbeville, S. C.

FORTY $5 PRIZES

Florence Fenton, Vineland, N. J.; Mrs. P. E. Buck, Rockville, Md.; Mrs. Charles Toles, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Alma Aldrich, Grafton, W. Va.; Mrs. J. F. Ange, Albuquerque, N. M.; Miss M. Anderson, Selkirk, Man.; Edwin D. Beebe, Rochester, N. Y.; B. C. Black, Chautauqua, N. Y.; Mrs. E. A. Bostrom, Grand Forks, N. D.; Mary Bruehl, Sherwood, Wis.; Mrs. C. E. Christofferson, Santa Barbara, Calif.; Aza Cooper, Grand Forks, N. D.; Marie I. Courtney, Elkhorn, Wis.; John Douglas, Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. Benjamin Faucett, Georgetown, Del.

Gene Harding, Clinton, Ia.; Thomas J. Hopkins, Jr., W. Albany, N. Y.; Joseph Instone, Ozone Park, N. Y.; Violet Johnson, Sparta, Mich.; Ruth H. Jones, Knoxville, Tenn.; Cyril E. Lamb, Ypsilanti, Mich.; A. R. Loubriel, Bronx, N. Y.; Frank MacCarthy, Longmeadow, Mass.; C. E. Madden, Fort Worth, Tex.; Thomas F. McGovern, Montreal, Que.; Art Hellberg, McGregor, Ia.; M. J. McHale, Chicago, Ill.; J. W. Mette, Yemassee, S. C.; Margaret Mounts, Salem, Ohio; Mrs. August Oberlander, Waco, Tex.

Mrs. Edward B. Price, Anchorage, Ky.; James C. Ratcliffe, Evanston, Ill.; Fred B. Snyder, Millersburg, Ohio; Charles F. Steiger, Albuquerque, N. M.; R. H. Ulrich, Akron, Ohio; A. D. Wagner, Salem, Ore.; Sevelta Wickline, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. D. M. Wagner, Norfolk, Va.; O. C. J. Waldron, Vancouver, B. C.; Miriam Werner, Oakland, Calif.

HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST RULES

Ten Weekly Contests

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will award $400 in cash prizes for the best home-life snapshots submitted by nonprofessional photographers.

2. Anyone, anywhere, may enter except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3. There is no restriction regarding size of prints. Enlargements are eligible, but in case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.

4. Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after November 9, 1932, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will upon request submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made. Such negatives will be returned if desired.

5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Write plainly or print name and full address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of Macfadden Publications for reproduction wherever desired.

6. The first weekly contest closed Monday, November 21, and succeeding contests will close each following Monday, including January 23, 1933, which ends the contest series.

7. Quality of photography does not count except that any snapshot in order to be awarded a prize must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the first prize of $100, etc., as per the cash prize schedule elsewhere on this page.

8. Address all entries to HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOTS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

$1,000 GRAND PRIZE RULES

1. Regardless of whether or not it has won a weekly prize, every entry in the contest series will be eligible for one of the five $200 Grand Prizes to be awarded when the contest series closes.

2. These Grand Prizes will be awarded for the following divisions: Group A, the best baby snapshot. Group B, the best pet snapshot. Group C, the best indoor snapshot. Group D, the best outdoor snapshot. Group E, the snapshot that most nearly tells a complete story.

3. The conditions set forth in Rules 3, 4, 5, and 7 above apply to this Grand Prize offer.

Advertisement

Over 1000
Additional Awards Weekly
To Entrants In The
LIBERTY HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

The Master Photo Finishers of America, giving Master Photo Finishing service through the most important Photo Dealers in most towns and cities of the United States and Canada, will award thousands of extra Blue Ribbon Prize Photo Enlargements each week to entrants in the LIBERTY Home-Life Snapshot Contest.

All that is necessary to qualify for one of our many weekly prize enlargements is to obtain an entry blank from any local photo dealer whose Photo Finishing is serviced by a Master Photo Finisher, and leave your entries with this Dealer accompanied with one of these Entry Blanks.

All local entries made in this manner will be judged weekly with numerous Blue Ribbon Enlargements awarded the best of local entries, after which all entries will be forwarded immediately to LIBERTY for entry and consideration in connection with the $5,000.00 weekly and grand prizes in the Liberty Home-Life Snapshot Contest

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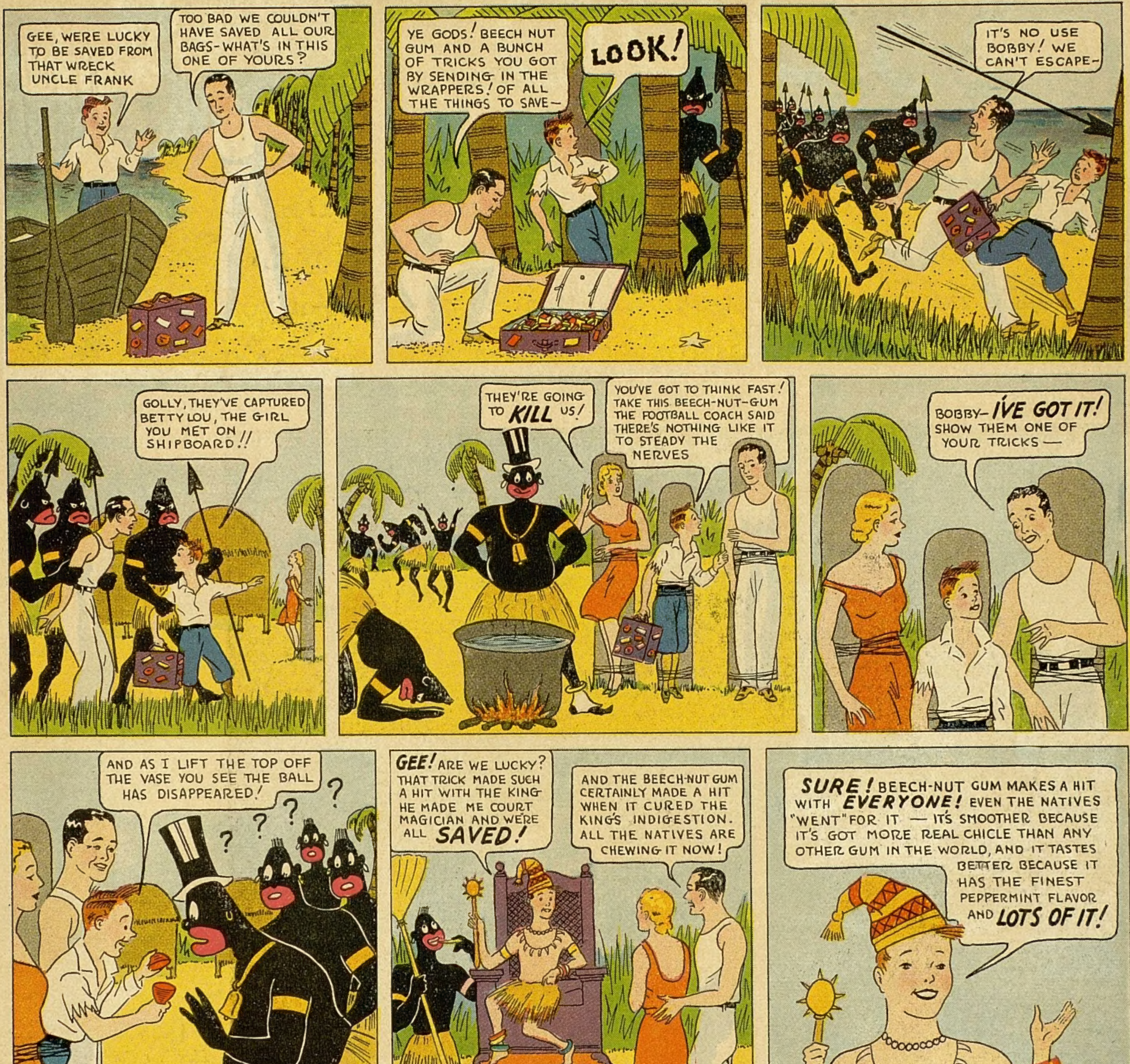
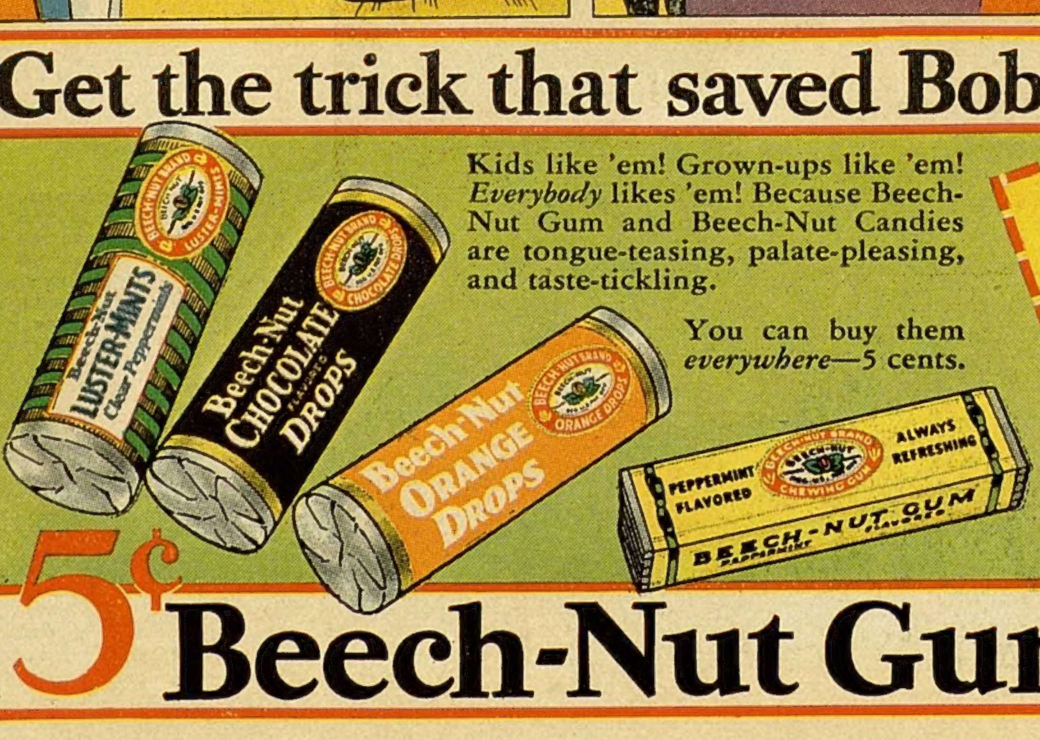
BOBBY TURNS THE TRICK


GEE, WERE LUCKY TO BE SAVED FROM THAT WRECK UNCLE FRANK
TOO BAD WE COULDN'T HAVE SAVED ALL OUR BAGS-WHAT'S IN THIS ONE OF YOURS?
YE GODS! BEECH NUT GUM AND A BUNCH OF TRICKS YOU GOT BY SENDING IN THE WRAPPERS! OF ALL THE THINGS TO SAVE—
LOOK!
IT'S NO USE BOBBY! WE CAN'T ESCAPE—
GOLLY, THEY'VE CAPTURED BETTY LOU, THE GIRL YOU MET ON SHIPBOARD!!
THEY'RE GOING TO KILL US!
YOU'VE GOT TO THINK FAST! TAKE THIS BEECH-NUT-GUM THE FOOTBALL COACH SAID THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT TO STEADY THE NERVES
BOBBY—I'VE GOT IT! SHOW THEM ONE OF YOUR TRICKS—
AND AS I LIFT THE TOP OFF THE VASE YOU SEE THE BALL HAS DISAPPEARED!
? ? ? ?
GEE! ARE WE LUCKY? THAT TRICK MADE SUCH A HIT WITH THE KING HE MADE ME COURT MAGICIAN AND WERE ALL SAVED!
AND THE BEECH-NUT GUM CERTAINLY MADE A HIT WHEN IT CURED THE KING'S INDIGESTION. ALL THE NATIVES ARE CHEWING IT NOW!
SURE! BEECH-NUT GUM MAKES A HIT WITH EVERYONE! EVEN THE NATIVES "WENT" FOR IT — IT'S SMOOTHER BECAUSE IT'S GOT MORE REAL CHICLE THAN ANY OTHER GUM IN THE WORLD, AND IT TASTES BETTER BECAUSE IT HAS THE FINEST PEPPERMINT FLAVOR AND LOTS OF IT!
Kent raat

Get the trick that saved Bobby

Kids like 'em! Grown-ups like 'em! *Everybody* likes 'em! Because Beech-Nut Gum and Beech-Nut Candies are tongue-teasing, palate-pleasing, and taste-tickling.

You can buy them *everywhere*—5 cents.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Camels are always mild because they are always fresh. A blend of choice Turkish and mellow, sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos, they are never parched or toasted. Enjoy their mild fragrance for just one day, then leave them—if you care to. R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, *Winston-Salem, N. C.*

Smoke a FRESH cigarette
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY
CAMEL 20'S
Camel Humidor Pack
CAMELS
Made FRESH—Kept FRESH

Don't remove the Camel Humidor Pack—it is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Buy Camels by the carton for home or office. The Humidor Pack keeps Camels fresh

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